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MY BRETHREN & COMPANIONS

AND OTHER SERMONS

By H. C. G. MOULE, D.D.
BISHOP OF DURHAM

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TO

THE REVEREND

A. E. HUMPHREYS, M.A.

RECTOR OF FAKENHAM

HONORARY CANON OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL

AND

FORMERLY FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

MY BROTHER AND COMPANION OF OLD

AND MY LIFE-LONG FRIEND

This Book

IS INSCRIBED

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I.

MY BRETHREN AND COMPANIONS.

PREACHED IN THE CHAPEL OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
February 7, 1904.

"For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee."—PSAL. cxxii. 8.

IT is a heart-moving privilege for a son of this House to find himself permitted to speak again, as in days of old, within its sanctuary. The emotion is none the less when he comes as a visitor from a distant home, and a field of service separated from the long-loved scene of Cambridge and of Trinity not only by distance but by conditions and surroundings so different from these, so much in contrast to them, that the remoteness seems sometimes to be almost intensified into exile.

True, the word exile would be at once a

false and an ungrateful word if I used it in any inclusive sense of my present call to labour and minister for our Lord and Redeemer. It is a lot full of life and inspiration, to live and serve in that ancient county palatine of the North, and amidst a multitudinous and energetic population, rich in every element of human interest, so strong, so cordially responsive in countless instances, so capable of ever better things. There the Christian clergyman, whatever else he encounters, encounters no stagnation. To use a word often heard there, men are habitually "keen," alas often for evil, vastly often of course for things at best of gain or of amusement, but also, in instances innumerable, for good. And seldom indeed has the preacher of Christ, in the churches of the great seaports perhaps, or of those so-called villages of the coal-country which count their thousands of laborious inhabitants, to complain that *men* are not to be found in the house of worship and the Word; they

throng the place, and listen with an attentive intelligence which itself lifts the sermon to its highest theme and noblest aim.

Yet there are moments when the heart, habituated for long years to Cambridge, and to Trinity, turns hitherward, and looks, as through windows open towards a Jerusalem, to these dear courts and walks, and not least to this Chapel with its worship, the familiar sanctuary of four and forty years. And now, finding myself actually here, in the scene of such old affections, and asking myself, in view of this precious hour of worship and ministry, what message I might hope rightly to carry to my brethren from our heavenly Master, I have found not unnaturally this word of the Zion-loving Psalmist laid close upon my heart. It has seemed to me that I might hope to carry to you a suggestion which the Lord Christ may make His own, from the fact of the love and the thanksgiving which Trinity Chapel awakes within me. For so indeed the soul

is moved, as I review the long avenue of memories from the remembered hour when I first took my place within these walls, and as I recall the brethren and companions with whom I shared the ordinances, and to whom in ways innumerable I owe so much in the whole range of human life.

I suppose that it is no uncommon thing for the man at Cambridge to regard his own year, or however his own three years, and their circles, as a time of exceptional interest and (in a certain sense) distinction. Rightly or not, I must own to an abiding sentiment of that sort in regard of my own time. Certainly it was my lot, in the mercy of God, once entered here, a pupil upon Lightfoot's side, to find myself soon admitted, by those many touches and attractions which draw men to friendship, (lectures, books, river, and all the incessant intercourse of days and evenings,) into a set of brethren and companions not only never to be forgotten but to be remembered with an unreserved thanksgiving

for what, however unconsciously, its members were to me. It was a circle distinguished upon the whole by a remarkable concurrence of mental and physical activity. It contained individualities as marked as they were wholesome, and minds gifted in some instances even to the point of genius. Meanwhile it was a circle pervaded all round by a tone of stainless virtue, aye, so that my memory records no word, no act, in all that large and living retrospect, which morally can give memory pain. In a sense true and high it was a godly circle. Not all its members thought alike upon religion. And some, I know, would confess to a wish, in looking back, that the avowal of a distinct allegiance not only to religion but to their Lord had been—not more obtrusive (God forbid), but more articulate than it was. But in all that intercourse, in all those innumerable talks and arguments, at a time too when many since-current controversies of thought were, for us at least,

exciting every mind by their novelty, there was no irreligious accent. Never, that I can recall, was my own thought, unsettled too often by itself, carried one single step away from reverence towards God and Christ, from at least the desire of loyalty to the Christian creed, from the recollection of our immortality, by my friends. I associate them with every side and scene of University and College life, studious or genial, and with many a vacation ramble on moor and shore, and with old summer-days upon the long-drawn solitudes (so they were then) of the flowing Thames. But with this beloved Chapel I associate not least the familiar faces, and the voices which read the Lessons (as many of them did) from the northern of the two now vanished desks which looked westward from near the Holy Table. Worship here was then much less than it is now studied by authority with a view to the fullest benefit of the worshippers. And this Temple

was then severely void of ornament; some might have felt it even gloomy as they entered it, as the clock struck seven, in the November morning. But at least it was habitually thronged, Sunday and weekday. And there was no small leaven of "spirit and truth" abroad among the congregation, despite some most sorrowful contrasts and drawbacks, to be sure.

My brethren and companions! How present at this hour they are with me here, as to the heart and soul! "The greater part," I thank God, "remain unto this present;" while "some are fallen asleep." But we are all together still.

Why do I thus dilate to-day upon that *tempus actum* of long-past youth? It is in order, if it may be, to pass on to you, my brethren in the one perpetual family of this House, a simple but momentous reminder. I affirm, what is so certain, yet it needs reaffirming, that it lies with you, all and each, every man in his turn, and as God

has made him, to be one generator among others of just such memories in days yet to come—memories that shall be far more than memories merely. For the man who carries them, as I carry mine now, will feel them to be powers and inspirations in him to the last, as living, as formative, as contemporary as possible; pregnant of a mental, moral, social, spiritual force which shall still be young in later life's most modern hour. Will you suffer me, with a sense of fellowship all warm and vivid, to bear home upon you that ambition? May I so present it that it shall never indeed work artificially, yet shall work consciously and with a noble purpose? It is an ideal as compassable, by God's help, as it is elevated, so to live, to think, to talk, so to handle the sacred treasures of brotherhood and companionship, that the man himself shall grow towards the full stature of a character at once masculine, tender, and godly, and shall help to make just such a climate round him

as that other and perhaps weaker men shall hereafter own, with a gratitude ever new, that it was for them a secret of purest health and power.

In order to a life thus nobly human, let me appeal to you meanwhile to be content with no means and method short of divine. "The true life," said one of the best and greatest of the sons of Trinity, Charles John Vaughan, "can be lived only in the strength of daily conversation with God." To "acquaint thyself with Him" is moral and spiritual peace, basis of all highest virtue. To "know Him, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent," this, the supreme and authentic Oracle has said so, "is the life eternal." And the life eternal is exactly the profoundest requisite to the full purity and strength of the life temporal, the life of our intercourse and influence in the common day.

Eminently have I seen this illustrated in brethren and companions of my college days. I must not speak here of the living; but

some of that circle, as I said, are fallen asleep. And there rise before me now, from the holy shadows of their long rest in God, two forms, two faces, two friends, most sacred to my heart, who exemplified indeed the truth that the real Christian is the real man, strong and strengthening too.

One of the two, mine in an ardent and intimate friendship begun here, and maintained in its fulness till, at the age of forty, he sunk under disease caught in the depths of his Birmingham parish, was indeed articulately, though with the noblest modesty, the Christian disciple. He carried his living and reverent faith into the whole texture of his conduct. A diligent student, a strong athlete, whose fine rowing was never shewn in better form, so we always observed, than in a losing race, a friend wonderfully affectionate and faithful, I recall him as if it were yesterday as the man in whose company the air of life seemed always the more cheerful and more full of good; and never

could it be mistaken that his virtues had their deep root in grace.

The other ran a course more brief. In our second long vacation he died, of typhoid fever, in a Swiss hotel; and soon the forty-second year will have lapsed over his green grave at Interlaken. But "in a short time he fulfilled a long time." Intended at first for the army, for which, however, adequate health failed him, he had entered, at about seventeen, a military college. There alas, at that date, vice was rampant. No character of iron at all, the lad had been made strong in God, just as he entered, in a deep crisis and conversion of the soul. After the three years of his residence two results had been achieved. He had won every intellectual and military distinction, and—vice was out of fashion. I have his photograph always in my sight as I sit at my work-table; in his hand is his pocket Bible, and across his knees lies his sword of honour. Coming later to this College, within the

two years of life then left to him he won an influence altogether unobtrusive but widely powerful for everything that was good. Then came the abrupt call to the Unseen Presence. He only thought himself very poorly when he was told that he must die. A moment's shock and silence followed; then at once, with a strange radiancy in his face, came the words, full of a living cheerfulness, spoken to his mother, "Well, to depart and to be with Christ is far better."

So he passed betimes through Jordan, "finding it neither dark nor deep," to the land of light. But he died to leave to a whole company of Trinity friends the long inspiration of his faith—and of his works. Life has moved a great way with us since we saw him last. But his beautiful power is as truly as ever upon us still, and we are not far now from seeing him, in the mercy of God, again.

So I have taken liberty to speak a little

of brethren and companions, bound up for me for ever with this beloved and honoured place.

The generations cannot be wholly like to each other, in the phases of the surface. But through them all, to the end of the days, there runs one divine Element of continuity, "JESUS CHRIST, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." And to-day, as truly and greatly as in that old yesterday, He can hallow, and enrich, and lift up on the mountain paths of faith and virtue, and enable for all noblest mutual help, the brotherhoods and companionships of the College that we love.

II.

THE MINISTRY OF PREACHING (I.).

PREACHED BEFORE THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NORTHAMPTON, *October*, 1902.

"He ordained twelve, that they should be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach."—ST. MARK iii. 14.

SUCH is the Evangelist's brief account of the origin and purpose of the Apostolate. To be sure, I have not quoted his account of its purpose in full, for he goes on to tell us that the Twelve were ordained not only to preach the message of their Lord, but to heal sicknesses and to cast out devils. It seems fair, however, in view of the large context of the story of the Gospels and the Acts, with the vivid light thrown on the latter by the Epistles, to take the commission to preach to be the ruling and dominant thing in the Lord's programme,

and the commission to heal to be subsidiary to it. Not so much as an end in itself were they to heal, as in order both to evidence and to illustrate their message as heralds of their Master. To preach Him was the proper, the ultimate, work of their ministry. For this they were to "be with Him." For this He, from that wonderful companionship, would evermore "send them forth."

It is in my mind to seize this important occasion to say something of the grandeur of the ministerial call to preach Christ, and of the blessings which will issue, in the goodness of God, from a large revival of the sense of that grandeur, and from a fuller action upon it. In view of both the general reason of the matter, but now also in no small measure in view of particular needs in the Church of our time, it is laid on me as a "burthen" to say something to that effect, looking to the Lord of the Gospel message and of the Gospel messenger to give result, in His mercy.

Am I wrong in the impression that there is a need? Is it a baseless misgiving, or is it verified by disquieting facts? Does the preaching of the message of Christ, does the preaching of Christ, hold anything like its proper place at present among us of the Church of England? If I see things at all as they are, it is far otherwise. There are considerable and often noble exceptions. Sometimes in cases where the labour and power of the pulpit are conspicuous and celebrated, sometimes where the charge is being fulfilled, in quiet and the shade, by the faithful "pastor and teacher" in his parish, year in and year out, with just his own flock for hearers and learners, the work of the Lord in His Word is done, well done, under a full consciousness of its sacredness and weight. But such cases, I am constrained to fear, are not only not the rule, but at present are somewhat more than normally the exception. A certain slight of the sermon is in fashion. I am told that in

many churches the thronging congregation throngs away before the sermon begins, leaving ranks sorrowfully thinned to listen to the envoy of Christ. And sometimes, I cannot but fear, the fault does not lie altogether with the outgoing troop of worshippers; for the preacher himself is not in love with his work—he allows himself to deal scantly and perfunctorily with his sermon. Perhaps it is not only brief (a merit, in the modern fashion) but thin. Perhaps it is but a glib essay, clever or otherwise, and sometimes all the colder and weaker to the soul for being that poor thing, clever. It is a discussion, a suggestion, an appreciation, a sketch, or what not; anything rather than a message; totally other than that delivery of divine truth through human personality which Phillips Brooks finely tells us is the idea of the sermon.

What preacher, called in any degree to itinerate in his ministry, and to visit on his Master's business many various churches, will

not have remarked that too often the sermon seems to take a very minor place in the plan of the worship of the sanctuary? We never now, thank God, enter the Church, or return from it, without prayer in the vestry. But seldom, very seldom, to judge by my own fairly large experience of many years, do vestry prayers contain the faintest reference to either the reading or the preaching of the Word of God in prospect or performed.

There is a certain relation, to my mind, between that phenomenon and the growing readiness of some present-day congregations to excuse themselves from listening to the sermon.

Neglect of preaching, the lack of sense of proportion in the view taken of it, the oblivion of its spiritual greatness of idea and of virtue, sometimes reaches extremes among us. A friend of mine, no partizan of any school, was once a visitor at a fine Church, in a watering-place, at Easter-tide.

How, in respect of preaching, did the great Festival of the Resurrection fare? Did the pastor, full of the glory of the fact of a risen and living Saviour, spend heart and soul on the restatement of the truth, immortally new, and with an immortal growth in its glory, that He who liveth died, and is alive for evermore? My friend's rather caustic account of that Easter day was as follows: "It was a long succession of small services, services which began without exactly ending, and there was not one word of preaching from morning till night."

Of course this instance is extreme, to a degree which would be grotesque if it were not so sorrowful. But an extreme is sometimes an index of the drift and gravitation of the mean. And I fear we have to reckon with a large gravitation in the direction indicated by the words, "Oh, it is only the sermon."

The sermon is evermore the thing which must give way. Perhaps it has to yield and

shrink before the demands of a busy organization, sometimes largely social in its methods and ideals. Perhaps it has to be subordinated to the exigencies of a greatly developed ritual, alien to the majestic simplicity of what to me seems to be the conception of Divine Worship in the English Prayer-Book. Perhaps a disproportioned elaborateness of music crowds it out. However, it has to give way. It is only the sermon.

My brethren, turn from such unworthy estimates of this great and sacred thing to the Scriptural valuation of it, and to the reverent honour set upon it by this Church of England. Think of the sermon not as it can be travestied, whether by the loose and carelessly prepared, perhaps almost literally *ex tempore*, discourse, which at best can only exercise the hearers' patience, or by the stilted declamation, or by the would-be clever essay. Think of it as the utterance, by a man commissioned by the Lord and the Church, and who comes forth to

his duty from converse with the Lord, of that "Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever," that "engrafted Word which is able to save the soul," yea, by which man can be "begotten again to a lively hope." Think of preaching as it lived before the Incarnation in the holy prophets, as it lived after the Incarnation in the first disciples of the Lamb. Think of the estimate of it by that great minister, that far-reaching organizer, that great instructor of the Church upon the Sacraments of the Gospel, St. Paul: "Christ sent me not to baptize but to preach the Gospel." Remember his dying message to his young and practically episcopal successor, amidst the large and difficult interests of the guidance of the Church at Ephesus: "I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and dead, preach the Word."

Reflect upon the positively supreme place which the English Church, in this respect so profoundly differing from the Roman, gives

to the work of preaching in her commission to her priests. Read over their ordination, and see how the thought of the ministry and delivery of the Word rules every other there, till it rises into that most noble prayer in which the Bishop, giving voice to the desire of the Church, petitions that upon His "servants the ministers of His Word" the Lord would "send His heavenly blessing, that His Word spoken by their lips may never be spoken in vain," but be to the hearers "the means of their salvation."

In the name of the Bible, in the name of the Ordinal, in the name of prophets and apostles, and of an innumerable company of witnesses and messengers of the Lord all down the long walks of Christian history; in the supreme name of Him who from Capernaum to the very crisis of His Sacrifice was the Preacher of Himself; are we not right in making all the appeal we can to the Church, and all the prayer we can to God, for a great revival of the pulpit?

Well and nobly does Dr. Arthur Mason write (*Faith of the Gospel*, ix. § 2): "First among the appointed means of grace comes the preaching of the Word of God. There is a truly sacramental grace and power in preaching." "The words are not mere words, but vehicles of something beyond words." "If preaching is not reckoned among the Sacraments, but parallel with them, it is because it is more, not less, than a Sacrament. The gift conveyed through it indeed may not be greater, but it more immediately influences the springs of thought and will."

"That they might be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach." There is the first, the deepest, the absolutely vital qualification of the preacher who is to be true; "that he should be with Him." Personal knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, "nothing between," was the first requisite for the preaching apostle; and it is the first

requisite assuredly for the man who, in any sense instinct with life and power, would be the preaching apostle's successor. To come evermore to Him, to deal at first hand with Him, to get, in that company, direct acquaintance with what He can be "unto us of God," in all the range of our profound, our many-sided need of "righteousness, sanctification and redemption,"—that is the grand pre-requisite. And then the man goes forth to preach, because his Master sends him. To go at his own bidding would be intolerable. The pulpit would be intolerable, it would be a pillory of open shame, if we could not be sure that He had sent us forth, sinners that we are, to preach. But what is not the rest and power of that thought, He hath sent us forth?

And then, coming from that presence, from that divine and human companionship, from the feet of that King, from the Cross of that Redeemer, what shall we go forth to preach? Not our ideas, but His Word. Not our

guesses at a thousand things, but His revelation of the "one thing needful"; and the one thing needful is our Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

A few nights ago it was my privilege to address one of those great congregations of our Durham mining people whose listening, when they listen, is indeed an inspiration to the preacher, an appeal to him to give out his whole self for their service, mind and soul. My theme was Jesus Christ, and I could not but tell them that I could take no other. "I used long ago," I said, "to preach of many things; but as life runs onward and age draws near, I can preach of only one thing; it is Jesus Christ."

Yes, let us preachers be, in a profound sense, "men of the one Book," and above all, "men of the one Name," and we shall never lack listeners.

> "'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
> Speaks like music to the ear;
> Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
> Heavenly joy possesseth here."

Let us never get outside that Name for our message. Let us invoke upon our bearing of it the promised power of the Holy Ghost, the glorifier of Jesus Christ. We shall find the one Name able to touch all things, and to adjust itself to the whole need and to the whole life of every man that lets it in.

One word in closing I presume to say, from a conviction powerfully present in my heart, and which almost one year's experience of the cares and joys of episcopal service has constantly developed. I mean that in the revival of the preaching of CHRIST—CHRIST in His glorious Person, His finished work, His never finished working, Him first, midst, last, and without end—there may lie, by the mercy of God, one great means, perhaps the greatest means, of deliverance at last from the distresses of our divisions. I am not, I hope, either a dreamer or a bigot. I have my own

convictions on Christian truth, deep as my soul. But I do not expect to see all minds in a vast national Church thinking, even on things of highest import, with thoughts cast in the same mould. No, but I believe that there are ways by which discord may be reduced, and extremes may be centralized, and Christian men drawn together, not in superficial compromise but in spiritual sympathy. And the supreme panacea is—more of Jesus Christ Himself. And the more we all apply ourselves to learn afresh in the Word of God what He is "given to us to be," and then, in the power of His Spirit, go forth from companionship with Him to preach Him, the more shall we draw together. So the better shall we be prepared to labour and to witness, with a growing harmony, tuned from heaven, "to the glory of Almighty God and the edifying of His Church."

III.

THE MINISTRY OF PREACHING (II.).

PREACHED IN DURHAM CATHEDRAL,
Trinity Sunday, 1903.

"I charge thee before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead, preach the Word." —2 TIM. iv. 1.

I HAVE ventured to-day to claim for once the privilege of ministering as preacher at Ordination. Usually, the Bishop only too thankfully requests some honoured brother in the ministry to aid him by this service. But a deep desire lies upon my heart to say something to-day myself in our Master's name, on a topic which asks for the anxious and earnest thought of all ordained men, and indeed of the whole Church, and notably of the Church of England; that topic is the Preaching of the Word.

I do not forget that the Rubrics of the

Ordinal tell the preacher beforehand what his general line must be. They bid him set forth, in respect alike of Deacons and of Priests, what are their sacred duties, "how necessary" are their functions in the Church, and how the Christian people should "esteem them in their office." On that line let me so far move as to remind you, Christian brethren, that we are here to-day for the purpose of calling new workers into both these great ranks of the ministry of Christ, as into offices and functions which have, both of them, the largest and fullest apostolical authority. The origin of the Diaconate, we cannot reasonably doubt, lies in the very springs of Christian history, when the Seven were set apart to help the Twelve. The Presbyterate, the Eldership, rises upon us in the Acts of the Apostles already in full being, with no note of its origin; already at that first council, at Jerusalem, in Acts xv., the elders, the presbyters, are assessors of the apostles

themselves, and the decree goes out in the name of both ministries together. Need I further remind you how manifestly both the diaconate, with its subordinate yet fully spiritual function, is of highest value for the active working of the Church, in order to apply in detail the Lord's love and power to the manifold needs of men, in body as well as in soul? And the idea of the ordained eldership, the paternal and fraternal pastorate of the congregation, the office in which meet the custody and ministration of ordinances, and the labour of teaching, and in general the shepherding of the local Christian body—is it not an institution as distinctively Christian as possible? The pastorate is (may we say it with reverence?), in a degree singular and most beautiful, the creation of the divine originality of our Lord Himself, "the high and heavenly Pastor."

So let the Church, the people of God, love and reverence the apostolic offices, for

Christ's sake. Let them recognise in them a monumental phenomenon, a great and wonderful conquest over time and change, in respect of succession and continuity; an ever-living organ for witness to both fact and truth; a thing which transcends the individual office-bearer, and gives to his message and his labour an indefinable but weighty import more than can possibly be put into it by the man. It lends him no right to say one word as his message beyond the authority of the oracles of God. But it gives to his delivery of their truth just this greatness, this significance, that he speaks out the Gospel of the grace of Christ not only as an individual Christian but as a Christian institution. He is one instance of a vast age-long organism ordained by the Lord as the central vehicle for the living transmission of His blessed message to the world.

But now, in touch with just this thought

about the sacred ministry and its orders, I turn to my brethren, and above all to my brethren just about to be hallowed to the Christian eldership and to become our συμπρεσβύτεροι, our co-elders, in the Church of the Redeemer; and I press upon their souls this great message: "Preach the Word."

You remember the context. St. Paul is near his last hour. He is dictating what is for us his dying letter, and he is close to that letter's end. He is writing to a man whom he has delegated, now for some time, to a large work of organization and of order. For the time at least Timothy has functions which shew an analogy to those of actually diocesan episcopacy. And the writer of this infinitely noble and pathetic letter to him, whose deep accent of the human soul is its sufficient warrant of absolute authenticity—who is he? He is the master of a world-wide work of superintendence, of arrangement, of management, of construction. Statesmanlike is too poor a word to describe

the far-seeing genius of St. Paul, as the apostle of the Gentiles. Nor is he only thus the great founder and builder. He is the profound dogmatic teacher, and the high minister of Christian ordinances, to whom assuredly the structure of the Church of Christ, and the significance of His Sacraments, were matters habitually present, and inexpressibly sacred. Well, the more remarkable is it that he, the master-apostle, writing his last words to his dear delegate Timotheus, can find nothing so urgent, nothing so sacred, nothing so fit for his closing appeal as this: "I charge thee, preach the Word."

Timotheus was to do many things; but he was supremely to do this thing, to preach the Word. He was to organize Christian communities, to superintend pastors, to guard and dispense ordinances, to conduct worship. But "before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who should judge the quick and dead," he was to preach the Word.

He was to recollect that he carried about with him an inestimable treasure, the Word. He had a message put into his keeping; a mighty mass of fact and of truth; a thing which was to be so uttered, so conveyed, so explicated and made manifest, so applied to the minds and to the souls of men, that it should indeed be to them the Word, the sublime Expression of the mind of God, under the authority of God, for man.

It was not to be the net result of Timotheus' best thinking. It was not to be his tentative guess at truth, however suggestive. It was not to be his speculative theory, or that of any number of other men using their minds upon speculation. It was to be the Word, the Message; "thus it is written," thus it is revealed, thus it has been commanded to us to speak to you, passing on to you that which our Master has, in His supreme and ultimate authority, said to us.

There, I take it, is the grand distinction and difference of the authentic Gospel. It

is not the slowly and doubtfully evolved conclusion of man upon religion, as for example the Copernican system was his conclusion, conjectured tentatively at first, and arrived at after long doubts and mistakes, as to the motions of the heavens. It is something, at its heart, quite different. It is the message given to an ambassador by his King, to carry intact, as not his notion but his Master's mind and will. In the glowing words of Gregory the Great, in the memorable letter where he presses with intense earnestness on a lay friend the study of the Bible—it is "the letter of the heavenly Emperor"; "God's heart in God's own words."

If we ask ourselves what, stated in its ultimate essence, St. Paul meant by this wonderful Word, this λόγος, his own sermons and letters give the answer. It is JESUS CHRIST, "the power of God and the wisdom of God." It is He, not it. It is the everlasting Son of the Father, made Man,

and then made the sacrifice for our sins in His all-precious death, and then made the life of our life, "the strength of our heart and our portion for ever," in His risen glory. It is Christ Jesus, made one with His own by the power of the Holy Ghost. It is He for us on the Cross. It is He in us by the Spirit.

"We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus as Lord." "We preach Christ crucified." "Him we preach, warning every man and teaching every man"; "Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end"; Him, the awakened sinner's peace with God; the travelling, toiling, contending pilgrim's power in God; Him, Head, and Lord, and Advocate, and Mediator, and Indweller, dwelling in the very heart; Him the Bridegroom, pledged to return in His fair beauty, breaking through the last shades of time—

> "With His feastful friends
> Passing to bliss at the mid hour of night."

He, the living and eternal Word, the Logos,

the co-eternal Utterance of the eternal Father, was the Word, the Logos, too in this pure Gospel sense. He was the Message which souls unutterably needed, and which Timothy, before God and Christ, was to proclaim, to preach, even to the end.

My brethren, is there no need to-day to read again that dying charge of St. Paul, and to resolve in his living Master's name to act it out ourselves?

Is it not too true that in the Church of England at large the sermon has declined and decayed into a shadow of what it should be? Sometimes it is feebly and indolently neglected. Sometimes it is deliberately slighted, as if our embassy for Christ in His Word were far inferior to our ministry of His Ordinances. If the sermon were merely our best thought (or what may pass for thought) such a depreciation would be absolutely in place. Can anything be more out of keeping with the temple of God than the airing of the ideas of man; than the tentative essay;

the string of more or less correct moral reflections; the discussion, keen or languid, of some topic of the hour? Infinitely better devote the whole worship-time to cries to Heaven for mercy and for light, and to songs of adoration and of praise.

But if the sermon is the preaching of the Word, if the man is there as the ambassador of Christ, if he speaks the luminous, tender, mighty certainties of a revealed salvation, a living Lord, a present life eternal, a coming heaven, a God-given secret for holiness and hope—then the sermon is itself part and parcel with the humblest and the loftiest worship. Then indeed the preacher has a reason and a power which should send him to the sacred pulpit abased about himself but strong in the grandeur of his mission, and in the presence of his King.

We need, we immensely need, in our English Church to-day, a revival of the pulpit. We want unspeakably an ordered ministry which is also Spirit-filled, and

fully conscious of the call to preach the Word.

We want preachers so filled with Christ, by the Holy Ghost, that they cannot get away from Him as their theme; that they know they have in Him the Word, the Message, authentic from the throne, for every need of the human soul. We want those to preach to us who are never tired of exploring the written Word for the glories of the living Word, and who come out from their exploration to set Him forth, in all the power of faith, in the spoken Word.

My brethren, be it your humble and indefatigable resolve to be this above all, *Verbi divini ministri.* All the activities of your ministry will group magnetically around that central work, and will be vivified and empowered by it. It will attach itself indeed to all you do and all you plan for every branch of your pastorate. But this will stand out as your glorious central

ambition—to preach Christ Jesus the Lord, the Gospel of the grace of God in Him.

You remember that passage in the *Pilgrim's Progress* where Christian finds himself in the house of the Interpreter. A painting is shewn him there; it is the portrait of the minister of the Word; may we, by the grace of God, live and labour as those who have in some measure caught the influence of that ideal:—

"The Interpreter had him into a private room, and Christian saw a picture hang up against the wall; and this was the fashion of it. It had eyes lifted up to heaven; the best of books was in its hand; the law of truth was written upon its lips; the world was behind its back; it stood as if it pleaded with men; and a crown of gold did hang over its head."

IV.

SHEEP WITHOUT A SHEPHERD.

PREACHED IN LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL, AT THE OPENING OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS,
October, 1904.

"When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd."—MATT. ix. 36.

WE well remember the sequel of this sacred compassion of the Lord. He turned to His disciples, and, passing from the simile of the flock to that of the field, with its abundant harvest and a scarcity of reapers, He appealed to them (how significant and impressive is the intimation of His estimate of the mysterious place of prayer in the divine plan!) to pray to the eternal Master of the white plains to send forth labourers and meet the need.

Which of us has not heard that command recited in view of the present needs of the

still unevangelized regions of the earth? The preacher or speaker, himself perhaps a devoted missionary, who has left his beloved task for a while on purpose to carry that divine appeal afresh to the Church at home, depicts before us, with the simple energy of experience, the vastness of the scattered human flocks, shepherdless on the dark mountains, and the weight and width of the immeasurable human harvest, where scarcely a reaper is to be descried. And then, as the need in its immensity lives before him, he goes on to lay it upon us, with a wistful intensity, to pray, with a great purpose and a sincere surrender, that the Lord will summon up His chosen labourers in multitudinous strength, and thrust them forth to work.

Such an application of this incident is altogether true. Our hearts all respond to it. In the mercy of God, the missionary consciousness, though its tide sometimes fluctuates, still is upon the whole a rising

power. We do now recollect more than once we did that the Church of Christ exists, in a primary degree, not for herself but for the world, and that her mission to the world of pagan or misbelieving darkness is formidably belated, and is still deplorably feeble, measured by the tests of genuine personal sacrifice and service. On the whole, we do respond, more than once we did, to the command to pray to the Lord of the field, and of the labourers, to send them out, ourselves included, if it should be His will, even to the remotest tracts of His unreaped domain.

But all this leaves untouched an aspect of my text which is after all its primary and ruling aspect, and upon which I ask to concentrate your thought to-day. The bearing of the Lord's compassion and command here upon heathendom is divinely weighty. But its directest incidence lies another way. Its first message is for Christendom. If read aright, it calls the

Churchman's soul to look at home, and to ask himself where, from the supreme point of view, may lie the scene of faintness and of wandering, the shepherdless solitudes, the ruin of the unreaped fields? They may lie, for his soul's sight to-day, not in the outer regions of humanity, but where everything —except the things most vital and divine— looks like the well-watched pasture and the busy field.

You will observe that our Lord, when He thus spoke out His great compassion, stood in the midst of a religious country. It was Galilee, zealous Galilee—a region and race instinct with a warm patriotism for the belief and worship of the fathers. It was a land where the synagogue was everywhere; a very little while before, the Lord Jesus had been calling back from death the child of a synagogue official, and had healed the servant of the pious Roman by whom that same synagogue had been built. Every such building was a known and ordered centre of

divine worship, of the solemn and systematic reading of the Scriptures, of the primary religious instruction of the young. Elaborate provision existed for the punctual and devout maintenance of synagogue devotions. Daily in many places, or even twice a day, the minimum at least, the legal ten, attended the house of God. And that house was only one main item in the large religious mechanism of life. Everywhere was the feast, the fast, the instructions of the scribe, the shewing of the leper to the priest, the display (a constant witness to the religious idea, however superficial a witness) of Pharisaic rigour and devoutness. Behind all this nearer scene there loomed to the mind's eye the distant glories of the Temple, the pomp of sacrifice and incense, the High Priest and his attendant brethren, the vast gatherings, national, œcumenical, of Passover, and Pentecost, and Tabernacles; all of them so many sacramental seals, awful with the halo of a divine institution, upon the

reality of the God of the great Covenant and upon the validity of His worship.

Such, drawn in rapid outline, were the grand exterior conditions of religious life for the population of Galilee in our Lord's day. Thus were circumstanced, as to creed, and worship, and a certain systematic pastorate locally distributed, those multitudes who crowded the hill-sides and the lake shore when Jesus saw them, and had compassion upon them, and lamented the absence of shepherds from the human flock and the woeful fewness of the reapers in the human harvest-field.

The inference of His words is surely suggestive for all time, and therefore for our time. They bear a heart-searching import which calls aloud for thoughtful meditation, not least, as I think, in just the present day.

To the Lord assuredly the mechanism and externals of religion were momentous things. He was Himself, in His sinless human humiliation, wonderful as the thought always

is, *a worshipper* in the order of the Church of Israel. "We know what *we worship*," He said by the well of Sychar, "for salvation is of the Jews." He opened His Messianic ministry in a synagogue. He was jealous for the sanctity of even the outermost precincts of the Temple. He actually laid it upon His hearers, pending the close of the elder Dispensation, to "observe and do" the ritual precepts of the very scribes whom He condemned, almost in the same breath, as so tremendously unworthy of their function. They "sate in Moses' seat"; and the authority of Moses, even when administered by unfaithful hands, was sacred for the Christ of God.

The faith and worship which He came to unfold in its radiant yet solemn glory was indeed, in the words of our well-beloved Prayer-Book, "not a ceremonial Law, as much of Moses' Law was, but a Religion to serve God not in bondage of the figure or shadow, but in the freedom of the Spirit."

Nevertheless, it was no mere cloud-rack of ideas detached from embodiment and a practical order. The Lord did not only teach, nor even only do His own sublimely solitary work for our Redemption. He generated a Community, an Assembly, a Church. He placed His message, in a certain sense, in its guardianship. He enriched it with ordinances of His own creation, divinely simple as to their ministration, as He and His Apostles ministered them, yet none the less outward, visible, ordered; things demanding in their nature a traditional rule, a collective and solemn attendance and observance, and assuredly calling for a reverence which was to be none the less externally watchful because it was to be spiritually genuine and profound. Exaggerated inferences from these facts (and the exaggeration or misdirection is sufficiently serious sometimes) must never blind our devout and thankful consciousness to the facts themselves. Church, Sacrament, Ministry—these

are things as holy, as reverend, as precious in their essentials, as the direct institution of the Lord can make them. May we be found always, individually and in co-operation, loyal from the soul to the uplifting, disciplining, fostering, empowering externals of Christian life and faith. May we live thus loyal, in spirit and in truth; at once sobered and elevated, awed and gladdened, trained into a deeper individual contact with our God, while also into a more joyful consciousness of the "brotherhood which is in the world," by that incomparable example of public Christian ritual (I use the word incomparable with deliberation) which the mercy of God has given us in our Book of Prayer.

But then all this, upon the other hand, must never becloud the Christian's recollection of his Lord's opinion of mechanism, even where it is divine, without the divine breath; of order without love; of arrangement for every item and iota of Church

life without the power of the Holy Ghost, free and personal, shed upon it all, and not least upon the spirit, and purpose, and thought, and heart of the ministers and guardians of the Sanctuary.

The Galilean sheep were without a shepherd, for all the rulers of the many synagogues, for all the numerous forces of the scribes and priests. There were few reapers in the Galilean harvest-fields, for all the schools where children learnt the law and the traditions, and for all the hours of weekly and of daily public prayer, yea, though the heavenly Oracles were read aloud thereat every week, and interpreted, almost verse by verse, into the common speech of the period. And why? Because the representatives of religion had "sunk to their second cause." They were careful, more or less, to maintain the mechanism. But they were not seeking, in their own souls, first to "understand and know the Lord" themselves, and then to make everything in their

lives and labours secondary to the divine ambition of bringing their brethren into acquaintance with Him, and liberty in Him, and loving loyalty in heart and life to His sacred will.

In our Master's view, nothing was so deplorable, so repellent, so formidable, as religionism without the living God. For the sinner of other types He shewed continually, amidst His hatred of the sin, an irrepressible compassion. But He has nothing but a sacred disgust for the spirit which puts sacrifice before mercy, the traditional detail before the Word of God, the ecclesiastical subterfuge from affection and duty before the plain divine command, the prerogatives of even a divinely-originated institution before equity and self-forgetting love. And it is in the representatives of religion that He censures in His most tremendous tones such fatal substitutions of the outward for the inward. To Him, the shepherd void of living love is so little

a shepherd that the flock, for all he is to them, is in a profound sense derelict.

What is the message of all this to ourselves, in our dear Church to-day? God forbid that I should even seem to forget the noble evidences among us in a thousand quarters of the workings, in and through our Anglican ministry, of the Holy Spirit in His living power. To Him be glory for the lives, everywhere scattered, filled with a self-forgetting devotion to the Lord and to the flock, spent upon unwearied pastoral care and the laborious preaching of the Word, animated by a manifest and growing consciousness that the pastor belongs to the people, rather than the people to the pastor.

Nevertheless it is never untimely, where religious organization is developed, as it is among us now, even to an encumbering excess, to recall to the commissioned pastorate the penetrating warning implied in our Master's lamentation over the field and flock of Galilee. And it is just this which

I find it laid on my soul to do to-day. I have said practically nothing of the pagan multitudes abroad, nor of the lapsed masses here at home. But not least because I remember them, I place before you now the thought of our host of sacred buildings, our ubiquitous parochial system, our methods innumerable—multiplied till action is almost bewildered amidst the labyrinth of system. I assemble mentally before you the army of regular Churchgoers, of punctual communicants, of diligent workers in a hundred lines of co-operation with the ministry. I recognize the largely beneficial multiplication of public services which our day has seen, and that general raising of the standard of reverential dignity and beauty in worship, wholly separate from superstition, which the elder of us have with thanksgiving witnessed in our time.

But none the less—yea, all the more—it must lie upon the very heart of us clergymen to see to it that all this leaves us

solemnly on the watch against religionism without the living God. For His power and presence in the wills and lives of us His ministers, and in the wills and lives of the flock, there is no substitute, there is no second best. It will be still a shepherdless wilderness and a deserted harvest field without the life of Christ beating in our hearts, speaking in our witness, shining in our lives, and so winning living souls to the living God.

"Awake, then, O arm of the Lord," and take us, His servants, to be His hand. O high and heavenly Shepherd, bless, through our blessing, Thy flock. O holy Master of the harvest, reap through us Thy field. And so we, in Thee, shall do more than fulfil, however anxiously, a round of religious toil. We shall "gather fruit to the life eternal"; we shall see "days of heaven upon the earth"; "in the Name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

V.

THE BIBLE AND THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

PREACHED IN DURHAM CATHEDRAL,
March 6, 1904.

"The mystery which is now made manifest, and, by the Scriptures of the Prophets, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations, for the obedience of faith."—ROM. xvi. 25, 26.

THE high privilege is laid upon me of ministering in the pulpit of this our glorious common Temple on occasion of the centenary of the Bible Society.

So doing, I am one of innumerable voices which are thus occupied upon this Sunday. In every district of Great Britain, from the dome of St. Paul's, where the King and Queen are doing willing homage to the cause, to the remotest scenes of village worship, mention to-day is made, with thankful re-

collection, and in faith and hope, of this unique work for the diffusion of the Book of God.

Meanwhile, over the breadth of the whole earth, in all continents, almost in all countries, as the twice twelve hours of the world-wide Sabbath roll the sunlight from meridian to meridian; where the arctic night is hardly yet over; where the tropic fire is nearest to the zenith: in lands of oldest and of newest civilization, in lands where barbarism is but just yielding to that supreme civilizer, the Gospel; in Churches of almost every varying use, and in a multiplicity of languages far greater than that of the Pentecostal morning, the like work is doing—mention is being made, with thanksgiving, and reverence, and hope, of this same wonderful enterprise for the Scriptures and the Lord.

From every side the work is worthy of such honour. To those who know its history, and recollect the conditions of the period when its course began, it must

always be memorable as a noble venture of unquestioning trust in the divine promises, and in the potency of the divine Book. That was a terrific time for England, when in 1804, still conscious of her American humiliations, she was called to contend year after year against the vast forces energized by the magnetic and sinister genius of Napoleon. And it was in a faith as noble as it was simple that the little group of godly Englishmen who founded a Bible Society for the whole world did not fear to found it *then*.

On the other hand, wonderful is the record of the results of that act of faith, as we read it in the always expanding enterprise of Bible circulation, carried out through this century of time by the agency thus founded. In three hundred and seventy languages of the world the Book of Heaven is issued now from the Bible House, complete, or at least represented by some substantial portion; and every day sees fully

ten thousand copies, upon the average, sent from that great Christian warehouse in Queen Victoria Street to the uttermost ends of the earth. To enter that building, and to visit its floors and chambers, is an impressive commentary on the words which meet the visitor as he enters, inscribed upon the wall before him, *Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away.* There, from basement to attic, to that upper storey in which Bibles for the blind in many tongues are always printing, you see one vast apparatus for the universal distribution of this Book. Here is the committee-room, where busy men of secular affairs dedicate large time and patient pains to the management of this cosmopolitan business of most unworldly scope. There is the library, rich in literary treasures to an extent which gives it an eminent repute in the student world; unrivalled for its well-ordered collection of versions and editions of the Scriptures, of

all dates and all tongues, from the great Greek *uncial* down to the last-completed translation in the barbaric tongue which was never written down at all till it must needs now possess the Scriptures.

Ranged around that room are Bibles memorable not only for literary but for deepest human interests.

See here the Bible, brown with the life-blood of the native martyr of the Pacific island, who clasped it to his heart as he sank under the murderer's axe.

See there the Bible dark with stains of the damp earth; it was buried deep after each secret meeting on the mountain-top by the persecuted saints of Madagascar, when the pagan Queen of fifty years ago, with an intelligent hostility worthy of Diocletian, strove first and above all to extirpate utterly *the Book* of the new religion. And yonder is the Bible of the Welsh servant-girl whose resolve to possess the Scriptures for herself, at any sacrifice and at any effort, was the

actual exciting cause of the founding of the Bible Society for the world.

Or leave the local home of the work and open its Annual Report. Take up the complete official volume, or the admirable popular abridgement of it; surely a profound impression will be left as you turn the pages, a certainty that God is with and in this world-wide distribution of His Word. For my own part, I know few better cordials in spiritual discouragement, few stronger tonic medicines for faith and hope, than a quiet perusal of those volumes. Nowhere in similar religious literature will you find a happier combination of skilful and engaging presentation of labours and results with an air and method transparently truthful and always watchful against exaggeration. From England, from all our colonies, and from every European country, not least, let us note, from Russia, where the work has always received a singularly warm encouragement from both civil and Church authority, and

from the remotest and the most varied quarters of the non-Christian world, come examples, shewn in sober but thrilling detail, of devoted and often heroic efforts to convey the Bible to every man that can read it, and evidences all along of the mysterious power of the Bible to prove itself, by the logic of divine results, to be the message of God Himself to man; in the wonderful phrase of Gregory the Great, *God's heart in God's words.*

There are, I am perfectly aware, Christian men, thoughtful, spiritually-minded, who do not see their way to support and to advocate the Bible Society. Their anxious belief is that it is perilous to set the Book in circulation without a sure connexion with the voice of the Christian Church as safeguard and expositor. And that fear has just this relation to fact, that normally, beyond doubt, the divine plan is that the Holy Scriptures and the Christian Church should operate in a deep and organic inter-

action. But to say this is surely not to mean that the ever-blessed Book cannot be trusted alone, or rather, not alone, but apart from normal aids while yet under the living care and prospering presence of its ultimate Author. Certainly that is not the thought of the Church of England. She devotes the first of all her Homilies to pressing home upon her faithful sons, with a peculiar energy, as a primary duty and a sacred means of blessing, the reading of the Scriptures. Her reasoning there rends in pieces, one by one, the thin arguments which would make for a reservation the Bible, and would have us allow it only under safeguards to the rank and file of Christians. But I know no such impressive corrective for the fears and doubts I have indicated as the reading of any recent Annual Report of the Bible Society. There the problem appears before us "solved by walking," answered by spiritual results. There, not at all in the way of disparagement of the claims of the Christian Church

and its living voices, yet not as if the Scriptures were so bound to the Church as to be subject to it, the Oracle of God is seen at its wonderful work. Within Christendom, and beyond it, are amply, magnificently, visible to-day its promised effects. "The entrance of the Word giveth light"; it "converteth the soul"; it "testifies of Christ"; it "prepares His way."

That "way" the Bible, read altogether apart from the missionary's teaching, is preparing in innumerable hearts in India, Mahometan and Hindoo. And one mysterious story has reached me, on evidence which I think indubitable, of a community of Jews in Central Arabia, so isolated that they had never heard even a rumour of the name Jesus of Nazareth, and who then, when their Rabbi received, from Cairo, sent by loving stealth, a copy of the New Testament in Hebrew, welcomed its witness at once, and owned JESUS as their true Messiah, and worshipped in His Name.

To me this testimony of results to the rightness of the venture which trusts the Holy Book alone, where necessary, on its mission, is nobly conclusive. It makes an impression like that which the witness of results in the first days of the Church made upon the candid and loving Barnabas. The admission of pagan converts without reserve to Christ sorely exercised, as we know, many minds at Jerusalem, minds earnest and pious in a high degree. Difficulties of principle and method as grave as possible seemed to them to discountenance it. Then Barnabas was sent to Antioch to report upon the problem. And he was entirely reassured by the delightful evidence of divine results; "*When he saw the grace of God* he was glad, and exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord."

But if the evidence of the Reports of this wonderful Society is weighty in favour of its enterprise, surely there is evidence weightier yet in the reverent perusal of the

Holy Book itself. I am always more and more impressed by the internal witness to its own capacity for supernatural results which emerges from a renewed reflection upon the structure of the Bible. Contemplate it as it lies before you. It is at once many books and one. It is the product of many generations, yet immortally adjusted to all times. It is the literature of an Oriental nation, of a provincial Oriental nation, yet it is the Book of universal man; it proves itself to be so, more and yet more, as an enterprise like this of our Society expands. Yes, reflect upon this profound paradox, which yet is solid fact. Ask yourself how did this literature of a thousand years sum itself up at last into a Book? What magic has made such a Library sublimely *one work* in moral character and bearing, one in its presentation of God, of man, of sin, of righteousness, of redemption? How did its vastly various types of literary form, its histories, poems, allegories, sermons,

biographies, predictions, letters, the work from one aspect of a hundred minds, so coalesce as to impress nevertheless the reader, the reader touched by a sympathy with the Bible, genuine, however imperfect, as being all the while the work of One Mind? Does not reason answer, as loudly at least as faith, that this is so because here is "the finger of God"? The Book is abundantly human. But it absolutely refuses to be rightly understood as merely human. It casts off from itself, by its own essential phenomena, the poor and shallow naturalism—shallow, however brilliantly presented—shallow, however surrounded with a mass of learning—which denies to it the profound presence of an element properly miraculous. The Book asserts the miraculous in it by its vast and coherent structure. So it prepares us to credit, to embrace, to adore the miraculous, not only in its story, and in its prophecy, but also in its results of moral miracle upon the soul of man.

My brethren, let us welcome and let us forward this enterprise, this organization, sacred with the achievements of a hundred years. It has ample right when it asks our sympathy and our thanksgivings to God this day. Let us rejoice in its magnificently simple aim, to place this Book, so mysterious, so beneficent, within reach of every being that can read it, depending upon its Author to shed His blessing on His Word, and to direct its message to man's highest and everlasting good. As we do so, we are assuredly in harmony with the thought of the primeval Church. There is no tenet on which the scattered writers of the first Christian ages are more emphatically united, *semper*, *ubique*, *omnes*, than on the divine character, the supreme authority, the glorious worth for our whole spiritual need, of the Holy Scriptures. St. Chrysostom speaks for all his coevals and all his predecessors when he calls upon all men who can to buy the Scriptures, and to read them. He

speaks as a voice of the Church when he says, in his preamble to the Romans, that all the tumults and errors of religious thought, all the epidemic of heresies, all the weary, miserable conflicts within the Church, our disorders of life, "our unfruitfulness of toil," arise from ignorance of the Scriptures, ἐκ τοῦ μὴ εἰδέναι τὰς γραφάς.

It is he, if I mistake not, the great expository preacher, never weary of his Bible, who says (or if the treatise is not his, it is from his school) that in the last and most trying days of Christendom all else shall fail; the institutions of the Church shall totter; but the Scriptures shall be the stay of the Church, and her portion for ever, yea, even in that dark hour.

To those Scriptures let us return, with the reverential study which understands them because, in the fear of God, it sympathizes with them. In company with them let us live, and let us die. And meanwhile let us take our part with thankfulness and

with hope in a work which, surely not without "the commandment of the everlasting God," seeks, "through the Scriptures of the prophets" and the apostles, to "make known the mystery" of redeeming love "to all the nations, for the obedience of faith," and for the hope of glory.

VI.

GOD'S CIVIC MINISTERS.

PREACHED IN TRINITY CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE, BEFORE THE CORPORATION,
Whitsunday, May 26, 1901.

"For they are God's ministers."—ROM. xiii. 6.

AND who are "*they*"? Let the question be put to a hearer of this short sentence who should be unfamiliar with the Christian Scriptures, and his very possible reply would be, "religious ministers, to be sure; the officials of worship and exhortation." But if we give one moment's glance to the connexion of the clause, we discover that "they" are the officials of the state, the agents of civil government, regarded just now particularly as the exactors and trustees of the "tribute" of the citizen, that is to say, his taxes and his rates. "For this

cause pay ye tribute also; for they are God's ministers" (and the Greek of St. Paul throws a powerful emphasis, by position, on the word GOD), "attending continually upon this very thing."

We are in fact in the midst of that great passage of this eminently great Epistle in which St. Paul enforces upon his Roman converts, with all the weight of eternal truth, the duty of civic loyalty. It is a wonderful phenomenon, this paragraph, coming where it does, and speaking as it does. We have been led, chapter after chapter, to the heights and depths of the revelation of human sin and divine salvation. We have been carried to a view of the Christian's part and lot in Christ which sets him on a pinnacle of spiritual strength, and joy, and liberty, high as the very heavens. Who shall lay anything to his charge? Who shall tear him from his Saviour's love? No person, and no thing. In persecution, he is more than conqueror.

Death and life, powers of the unseen darkness, things present, things to come—all are powerless to interfere with his wonderful status, his life in the love of God. He stands apart and aloft, isolated, uplifted, dominant, amidst the mightiest forces of the world, in virtue of his being the child of God, the member of His Son. Well, what shall be the issue, as to the life of the common day? Will not these transcendentalists, at the best, spurn common duties from their consideration, or, at the worst, attack the order and regime of ordinary society as a thing positively evil, contradictory to eternal mysteries and immortal expectations, a hateful barrier in the path of the kingdom of the Spirit?

Some such impressions, as we know, were made upon the common pagan mind by a distorted version of the truths of the apostles. Nothing is plainer in the primeval Christian story than that one current opinion of the world about the infant

Church was that it was a movement of anarchism, of nihilism; it was a secret mine below the structure of the State; it was profoundly antagonistic to society. The Christian would not bow to the idols; therefore he owned no God. He called Jesus his King; therefore he was as likely as not to assassinate the Emperor. And awful were the practical results of this misunderstanding, when Nero lighted his gardens with living Christian torches, and the beasts of the arena were fed upon living Christian limbs.

It is interesting to turn to the sublime contrast of the facts. Here, in the Epistle to the Romans, we have a private missive, private as regards the general public of the day, sent by a leader, a centre, of this dreaded sect to a circle of its members, the circle resident in the capital. He speaks to them with all the confidence of a common membership; from them he has nothing to conceal. As we have seen, he gives them the

very highest, the most overwhelming views of their spiritual position, the greatness of their present inward elevation, and of their glory to come—such a glory, he says, that the whole created universe sighs and struggles in the expectation of its bliss.

But then he comes to common life. And what has he to say? All he does is to lay it upon them to be loyal to every relative duty; to be cordially amenable to order; to pay their every debt; to meet half way the demands of the State for tax and toll; and to do all this—not in the spirit of the fanatic, who flings his money, so to speak, to the agent of a God-forsaken world of wickedness, but in the spirit of the dutiful child of God, who sees in civil order God's will, in civil authority God's stern but sacred instrument of right, in the civil magistrate the minister of the heavenly Father.

It was the precise contrary to the parody of Christianity which a frightened and dis-

solute paganism had created for itself. But it was precisely Christianity, in its pure essence. For it is of the essence of Christianity, the Christianity of the apostles and of their Lord, that it blesses both worlds; that it has a promise for both lives, the present and the future; that it lifts, with its right hand, the curtain of eternity, and lets in all the powers of the coming world upon the awakened and believing soul, at the foot of the cross of Christ, and by His empty grave—and meanwhile, with its left hand, smooths the human path, and adjusts human relations, and points out perpetually to man how the eternal hope before him, the eternal life within him, is meant to influence, and to assure, his whole being's attention to the common duties of the hour.

Christians may fail thus to put in contact eternity and time. But Christianity does not do so. It hath a promise for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come.

At first sight this is indeed a paradox. So enormous is the weight assigned by the Gospel to the eternity which surrounds us and which we must so soon enter, that we might think we could legitimately do nothing but ignore this present "little life." But a moment's thought reminds us that the Gospel, just as much as the voices of reason and conscience, assigns all the more importance to time, and to the temporal order of the world, just because of the eternity beyond. If that is the goal, this is the way. And it is the way, not merely because we have somehow to get over it before we arrive, but because it is the chosen path of education, discipline, development, equipment, for that immeasurable future. To the Christian, not less than to the Roman dramatist[1] but more, "nothing human is alien"; for he, unlike the pagan poet, looks on man as the heir of immortality, and therefore as a being indefinitely lifted and made great in his

[1] *Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.*—TERENCE.

significance, as regards all he is, or does, or enjoys, or suffers now. The pathway of life may be brief enough, but it is immeasurable in its import. *Nothing* in its conditions, from that point of view, is trivial or indifferent. Assuredly its great phenomena of human government and order, touching as they do at every turn the moral as well as the material conditions of the heirs-apparent of immortality, are much, are weighty, are sacred, to the Gospel.

So, in the very name of its mysteries of salvation and of glory, the Faith of Christ cries to its followers to be good citizens, in whatever place or state they find themselves, leading or led, governing or governed, or, as so often, both together. It lays it upon the private citizen to take the gravest account not only of his rights, which are important, but of his responsibilities, his duties, which for him are immeasurably more so. Not in the name only of propriety and *bien-être*, but in the

name of Christ and of eternity, it calls on him to pay his debts, to pay his dues, to regard himself as a responsible member of the body civic, of the body politic. It calls him to live, not in the spiritual order only but in the national, and in the urban, "*not unto himself*"; to seek the good of his neighbour; if need be, to sacrifice for it. It lays it upon the citizen called by his brethren to administer and govern, to regard his office as something far different from a mere personal distinction, as something infinitely different from an opportunity to promote one single interest of self, or of party, to win for some by a loss to many; nay rather, he is God's minister, attending continually upon this very thing, God's ministry. He holds not only an important trust but a sacred one. He is a religious official, in a sense wide and true. His authority, grave and lawful, is but one specimen of a divine and universal law, the law of Order under the King Eternal. Let him think nobly of

himself and his function, in the great ideal. It will take up and mould the actual, more and more, into likeness to itself. Woe to him if he is untrue to it. Happy he if he is true.

It will have been plain, my brethren, that I have been led to this line of reflection by the honoured presence here to-day of the magistracy of our old and famous Town. That presence impressively reminds us of the strong continuity of English life and institutions. We welcome them as our fellow worshippers under the roof of this Church, illustrious in Cambridge Christian history; and it reminds us of the connexion of those institutions, as institutions of order, with the will of God, with the law of Christ. As it happens, they and we meet here on the great festival of the Eternal Spirit, the commemoration of the Pentecost of grace. And this reminds us that in order not only to the salvation of the soul but to the government of the city, if the soul is to be

fully saved, and if the city is to be ruled in real accord with the righteousness, and purity, and truth of the King of Kings, there is needed nothing less than light and strength divine, the Spirit of wisdom and of understanding, the grace of the Holy Ghost.

VII.

"HER CHILDREN CALL HER BLESSED."

PREACHED IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. CATHARINE'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
January 27, 1901,
AFTER THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."
—PROVERBS xxxi. 28.

La Reine est Morte. The words are traditional and formal. They expect the sequel, *Vive le Roi*, and with it they express the noble and salutary principle of our constitution, that the Throne is never, for an instant, vacant. The person dies, for we all impartially are mortal. The mighty office lives; the majesty of England is always in its seat.

This principle we have already, in England and in Cambridge, affirmed and acclaimed. We have sung "God save the King." Many

a man who sung it found his voice thick and broken with grief, and with an ineffable sense of change; yet we meant it all. We have saluted him who now heads and, as it were, embodies the great Realm, with a loyalty absolutely continuous. The Queen is dead. God save, God bless, the King.

But then, the person dies. And it happens in this case to be *such* a Person! So the voices that sing, and would fain sing loud, do falter. And the eyes that read the new style and title, so simply, so magnificently English, see it but dimly through their tears. And the bearer of it, King Edward himself, leads the lamentation. For he has lost a beloved Mother. And so have we.

I am not going to attempt to pronounce an oration upon Queen Victoria. For one thing, this is the House of God, within which orations, on any theme, have no proper place, and where every thought concerning human names and lives must be "raised and solemnized," and therefore simplified and

chastened, by the thought of Him. Moreover, the human Personage in question was such in herself, and was such to us, that as a fact (it has been well and truly observed by one of our public papers) the voice of universal eulogy and lament has been kept by the direct force of her personality singularly free from laboured and grandiose expressions. Our feelings have been vastly too real, deep, tender, weighty, to allow their language to be ornate. They have spoken, upon the whole, a dialect almost as nobly simple as her own.

So I ask you to follow me, my brethren, only in a few outstanding thoughts upon the death of our dear and now for ever blessed Queen. And let me here say first how I welcome the privilege of being permitted in this particular place, the Chapel of St. Catharine's, to attempt a word upon our mighty sorrow. For as a fact, which to many of us may be new, this College was no strange place to the Queen. Here, on

her second visit to Cambridge, in 1847, in her radiant married youth, when her Husband was installed our Chancellor, she was the gracious guest of our late master, Henry Philpott, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, a man of eminent influence in Cambridge, and always welcome at the home and Court of Victoria and Albert, where he enjoyed a singular confidence and regard. In our Hall the Queen with her Consort sate at table. In our old Lodge was housed her Minister in attendance, Arthur, Duke of Wellington. Long after, in the years of her widowed desolation, she inscribed with her own hand a copy of the Memoir of her Husband (it is now laid up in our Library) to her host of that brighter time: "To Henry, Bishop of Worcester, in recollection of former days, from Victoria, R. and I."

Such a link of memory will always be dear and sacred to us as men of St. Catharine's. But though we prize it, we do not need it. Details of incident in our

retrospect of dear Queen Victoria sink, as it were, and lose themselves in the greater feeling of a bereavement at once universal and individual. "For my own part," said a friend to me yesterday, "I feel as if I had lost a mother." Yes, that is it. And when a man has lost his mother, he will set himself, by degrees, no doubt, as his grief gets into order, to think out the sacred incidents of the beloved life. But his first feeling, inarticulate because unfathomable, is that she is gone, and that earth and sky are all overcast with night, and life is other than it was.

How shall I attempt to indicate what we feel? When I was born, Victoria was already four years and a half upon the Throne. My whole life, like yours, has grown up under her shadow, or rather under her genial light. From the childish days when I used to imagine how absolutely free the Queen must always be, and how entirely happy, to the maturer times when the man began to understand a little of the vastness of her

task, the depths of her griefs, and that wonderful and glorious daily servitude of hers to duty, life always contained, as a genuine factor in it, the Queen. Quite consciously often, subconsciously always, she was a fair, pure, benignant, reassuring, animating Presence at the back of everything. My dear early home, where she was never named but with faithful love, seemed as if a touch of continuous life united it with what all the world knew was the true, virtuous, loving, home-life of the Queen. England, when I came more deeply and thoughtfully to "love my land," had its crowning grace and dignity always given to it by the personal loveableness, the heart so tender, strong, and wise, the self-forgetting work, the words clear and warm as the summer daylight, of her majestically simple womanhood. Somehow, it was always good to think of her. She so grew to her wonderful life-call, as we all know so well, that she ended by proving the strongest of all magnetic forces to bring the Empire into

conscious unity. But a great part of the process which led to this consisted in the fact that, by virtue of what, through God, she personally was, she stood as a veritable Mother to the individual Englishman's own heart.

It is not inappropriately, then, that we have set this text of the Book of Proverbs before us to-day. Here is the picture, placed by the Holy Spirit in the portrait-gallery of the Scriptures, of the faithful, watchful, kindly, self-sacrificing mother of a homely home. It is one of the many passages of the Old Testament which prepare the way for the New Testament's perfect teaching upon the unique place and vocation of Woman, whether in the cottage, in the mansion, or on the Throne. It gives us the mother in her domestic sphere; her husband's rest and pride; her children's joy and growing wonder, as they begin to understand; the example of her dependants; kind of heart, wise of word, and all the while surrounded

and glorified by the fear, the untormenting, sanctifying, reverential, fear of God. The paragraph is indeed a perfect work of private portraiture. But do we not all feel that the beloved Queen was such, by heavenly grace, working out in her a wonderful symmetry of human virtue, that all her imperial burthens, and all the tremendous publicity in which they had to be carried, were but occasions for the ampler development in her of the mother-heart, the mother-life, in the mysterious, incomparable, all-beautiful harmony of a mother's strength and love?

We are all her children. We know how large and deep in her soul was the sense of her great function in the State, as its constitutional Head and Crown, co-ordinating its manifold elements in ways which we now recognize more than ever as of infinite political benefit. She knew all that, and she laboriously lived it out, to the very last; the greatest as well as the best of

all our monarchs. But there was something in her soul which transcended even the scope of this. The love of a mother's heart was at the centre of her royalty all along. No Englishman, no Englishwoman, no citizen of the Empire, but was potentially dear to her, in a personal relationship. So to-day, we are not only subjects who bewail with solemn dirges a departed Ruler; we are not only citizens who gravely ponder the completed work of the great Servant of her people in the business of their State. She is more than that to us, and we were more than that to her. *Mater, ave atque vale!* "*Her children* rise up, and call her blessed." "Her works" of unweariable maternal love "praise her in all the gates" of the vast imperial Home that shall see her now go in and out no more.

She is gone from us now; "taken" (in the heart-moving phrase of the recent Proclamation of the Accession) "to the mercy of God"; passing to be for ever with that

divine Redeemer, on whose Name, long, long ago, the anchor of her soul was cast, and for whose glorious Return (if I am informed aright) she looked more and yet more in her old age with great desire. She has met assuredly now, in the white eternal tabernacles, the Husband she loved and lost, and by whose dust her own will so soon be laid. "Farewell, my Well-beloved" (so runs her own inscription above the portal at Frogmore), "here at length I will rest with thee, and with thee, in Christ, will rise again." She is gone, leaving her world-wide Family mourning, not for her, but for themselves. But if we are, as indeed we are, her sons, we will do as she did in her own stricken time; we will not mourn only, but address ourselves the more strenuously, each in our sphere, to the one true, the one worthy life, the life of duty in the love of God. "Her children rise up"—not only to call her blessed with their tongues, but to follow with their wills her great, her dear example.

Like her, we will worship, we will pray. Like her, we will walk with God, that we may work for man. Like her, we will receive the Lord Christ Jesus for the Saviour, Master, Law, and Hope of life. Like her, we will love our neighbour in His name, not in word only, but in deed and truth. And so for us at last, in the power of the Spirit of God, that great word shall be in some measure verified, as it was for David long ago, and for Victoria now: "Having served their own generation by the will of God, they fell asleep."

JANUARY 22, 1901.

"Make to yourselves friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, that when it shall fail they may receive you into the eternal tents."—ST. LUKE xvi. 9.

WHO met her at the doors above
With solemn sweet acclaim,
When from our love to Highest Love
At fall of night she came?

Not there in regal pomp she pass'd
Through myriads all her own
There every diadem is cast
Before one sovereign Throne.

But when the Blessed climb th' ascents,
(So saith our Master Christ,)
The curtains of th' eternal tents
Behold a wondrous tryst.

Comes there a traveller to the gate
Who once, while earth he trod,
Spent dangerous mammon's golden weight
For others, and for God?

Comes he from years when day and hour
Still lured to splendid wrong,
Yet served he still, through pomp and power,
With watchful will and strong?

Then through the Camp of Heaven they send
The sudden tidings bright,
And friends throng in to greet their Friend
With smiles of deathless light,

And bid a grateful song begin
That mounts from theme to theme,
And lead the dear Immortal in
To bless the Love Supreme.

So pass'd our Mother Queen to bliss
With solemn sweet acclaim,
When to that upper life from this
At fall of night she came.

VIII.

"NOTWITHSTANDING, THE LORD."

PREACHED IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. CATHARINE'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
May, 1901.

"Notwithstanding, the Lord."—2 TIM. iv. 17.

THESE words are broken out of the record of the last known incident in the life of St. Paul. He is writing to his beloved Timotheus, from the Roman prison which was now soon, he knew, to give him up to death. He has much to say—things of the Church, of the Gospel, of the eternal hope, things also of the human heart. The shallow and yet ponderous criticism which can persuade itself to deny the Pauline genuineness of this Epistle has first to ignore the fact that the Epistle comes to us almost wet with human tears, yea, almost throbbing with the emotions

of a loving soul pierced by many sorrows to its depths—things which did not lie much in the line of the fabricators of documents in the second century.

Now last amidst these many things, or almost last among them, St. Paul lets in the light for a moment on the incidents of his trial at the imperial bar; and we gather that the letter was written between two stages of the process. There had been a first answer, and then, apparently, there was an *ampliatio*, an adjournment, after which the second answer was to come. Of that second we know nothing, except through the eloquence of the grave. But of the first we know that it was seized by the Accused as a supreme occasion for one more proclamation of his Lord, so delivered that all the hall could hear. "By me the preaching was fully known, so that all the Gentiles heard; and I was rescued out of the lion's mouth."

Would that we might know how he struck

that theme, and how he unfolded its divine fulness! Never at Athens, never at Cæsarea, surely, was Paul more magnificently himself. But then, he was himself against tremendous odds: "At my first hearing no man stood by me, but all men forsook me; I pray God it may not be laid to their charge." No; in the terror of that time, when to be a Christian was to be at least, in public opinion, an atheist and an anarchist, none dared hold a brief for the leader of that abominated sect; he had to plead alone. Ah, but not alone. He tells us that then once more that Presence he had known of old came and mysteriously overshadowed him. "Notwithstanding, the Lord stood by me, and strengthened me; *notwithstanding, the Lord.*"

The great Martyr's experience has repeated itself through all the ages; for the Personage who caused it is the same yesterday and also to-day, as well as, blessed be His name, for ever. But yesterday a friend, once an officer in the Guards, now a missionary in the remote

depths of China, was telling me of the closing scenes of the great massacre of last summer at Tai-yuan, in the province of Shansi. There a whole family, Mr. and Mrs. Pigott and their dear children, carried to the provincial capital in chains, were one after another led outside the gates and slain in public with the sword. To the very last Mr. Pigott proclaimed his Lord's name to the heathen; "What?" they cried in unfeigned amazement; "do you preach *that* now, when you are just going to die for it?" His secret was the secret of St. Paul; "Notwithstanding, the Lord."

In that same awful summer, in another scene of terror, an American lady, Mrs. Atwater, loving her work, her native neighbours, loving her scholars, loving her husband, found herself face to face with death. She wrote scraps of letters, and gave them one by one to Chinese friends, who ultimately, after her martyrdom, got them down somehow to the coast. I have copied for you

some sentences, worthy to be inscribed as margins beside the text of the Apostle :—

"I am preparing for the end very quietly and calmly. The Lord is wonderfully near, and He will not fail me. I was very restless and excited when there seemed a chance of life, but God has taken away that feeling. . . . The pain will soon be over, and oh, the sweetness of the welcome above. My little one will go with me; I think God will give it to me in heaven. . . . I cannot imagine the Saviour's welcome."

"No man stood with them; all men forsook them. Notwithstanding, the Lord."

My brethren, it will do us no harm to recollect that the victories of faith of eighteen centuries ago repeat themselves, in identical forms, to-day. Our Christian life is in many respects so traditionally easy that it is in grave risk of becoming merely perfunctory. And at the heart of a merely perfunctory religion it is strange if there is not setting in, however imperceptibly at times, the

mortification of unbelief. But then comes across our knowledge some glorious example of sacrifice, confession, martyrdom, in the name of Jesus, and bearing the inimitable impress of His Name. And it tells us, among other things, that supreme thing, that HE liveth. *Son calte se rajeunira sans cesse*, says poor Renan, out of his profound agnosticism, as if he must own, albeit in a wofully imperfect way, the glory of the Lord. "His worship shall renew its youth for ever." Ah, even so, and in a sense Renan could not mean. For he thought only of an idyllic memory, the peasant-prophet of sunny Galilee and his never-to-be-forgotten charm. We have learnt to adore the name of the Son of God, who liveth and abideth for ever. He, nothing less than He, renews His youth for ever for, and in, His true followers. "Notwithstanding, the Lord."

It may seem a sudden stoop, a sort of anticlimax, to come from the martyrs of Rome, and the martyrs of Shansi, to the

common level of our life. But it is not really so. Let us be sure of it, the truest training for some great thing for God is fidelity to Him in the next familiar little thing. And most certainly we shall find, when we look at all into the heart of matters, that full fidelity to God in common life is a victory which demands for its achievement nothing less than the secret of the saints: "Notwithstanding, the Lord."

For this, among other things, the glorious annals of holy suffering are given us. Not only, not mostly, to win our loving wonder for the sufferers. Not at all to send us off to imagine unlikely circumstances for ourselves, and to pose in fancy as meeting them with the martyrs' spirit. Such imaginations are, in the nature of the case, far more likely to weaken than to brace the real courage of the soul. No, the supreme lesson of these records of pain and glory is another. It is the lesson of what Jesus Christ can be in all the needs and all the weaknesses of His people.

"I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death."

Their witness is wholly to HIM. Everything in them, as well as around them, would have failed them, would have betrayed them, would have forsaken them: "Notwithstanding, the Lord." Their highest privilege is to accentuate His Name. They will "see of the travail of their souls," as He transcendently shall see of the travail of His, if they can but write it down large for us in their dear blood: "Notwithstanding, the Lord."

My brethren, we are threatened here to-day neither by a Nero Cæsar nor by an Oriental Empress-Dowager. But we *are* threatened, day and hour, by all the forces of that darkness into which it is more awful to be led away than to follow the King of Saints outside the gate to any Calvary. Around us are the powers of the Threefold Alliance of the pit—the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Aye, and within is the weakness of the sometimes bewildered mind, the poor half-hearted will, the consent, the parley, the suggestion to the tempter to come in. And "no man can redeem his brother" out of his evil hours. Before the crudest temptation, all too often, just the very finest culture, the largest knowledge, the most endearing ties, the pleadings of even maternal love, can fly like dust in the summer wind.

But the Friend of the martyr is adequate to be the Victory, the Law, the Liberty, the blissful Safety, of His tempted follower in common life. Nothing else, no, nothing else, will ultimately do, for the victory of every day. But Christ is light, and Christ is might: "Notwithstanding, the Lord."

IX.

LIFE AND DEATH UNTO THE LORD.

PREACHED IN ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, BISHOP AUCKLAND,
December, 1902,
AFTER THE EARLY DEATH OF THE REV. PHILIP H. PAGE,
LATE CURATE OF THE PARISH.

"Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."—ROM. xiv. 8.

OUR worship this morning, and now the ministration of the Word of God, is at once overshadowed and uplifted by that sacred thing, precious in the eyes of the Lord, as Scripture bids us know that it is, the death of a Christian. We have already, in a special memorial service within this Church, spiritually followed "our dear brother now departed," in all love, and honour, and the sorrow of our own loss, to his resting-place in that far-off Suffolk village; placing ourselves in thought amidst the mourners there; aye, be-

side the mother in her stricken solitude; sharing in reverence and deep fellowship their grief; seeming with them to see the open grave, and with them to look up from it to the open door of "those heavenly habitations where," in the noble words of the Prayer-Book, "the spirits of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity." But we cannot let that occasion be our only public part in this hallowed sorrow. Here again, on the Lord's Day, in full congregation, we remember our loss together, and seek together to hear through it the Lord's voice, sweet and solemn, to "us who are alive and remain."

Truly it is a memory bright and fair which is thus laid out as in quiet sleep before us. Here to Auckland, only some five years ago, came the young Cambridge student, new from his degree, bringing with him all the strength and resource of a life pure and blameless, by the grace of God, and enriched with the indefinable, manifold, potent in-

fluences of college life. Here, close to that great saint and sage [1] who then dignified Auckland Castle with his presence, he lived out his final student-time, in mental preparation for his coming work, in active and fruitful intercourse, in the first happy lessons of parochial experience, with an influence, not least among the young and vigorous, which already was beginning to be strong for good. Then some four years ago came his ordination to the holy ministry; and how, in Christ, that ministry was carried through we have witness enough around us. Two farewells have already shown us a little how he had won hearts and told upon lives, in our town, and in that mining suburb of it that he loved so well. The first was the occasion, so pathetically recent, when at our St. Andrew's Festival he was bid Godspeed for his new work in his native Suffolk. The second was on the day, not a fortnight later, when, at that mysterious bourne where the

[1] Bishop Westcott.

things seen touch and blend with the invisible, in the valley, by the river, reached so soon, so abruptly, not in the late evening but before the very noon of life, our "hail and farewell" was said to the young ardent pilgrim as he passed over to his eternal rest.

> "And now we gently think of him
> As one of the departed."

He is before us, vivid and visible as in life. We see the features; we catch the very accent of the voice, strong and cheerful. We hear it, perhaps, as it sounded in that parting sermon preached but three weeks ago in this same pulpit. But over all now is cast that mysterious haze and glory, "the light that never was on sea or land," the strange remoteness, the solemn "otherness," the glamour, the unnameable consecration, that falls upon every thought however slight, upon every memory however trivial, of those who have passed from us through death to be for ever with the Lord.

I am here, my brethren, at the kind

invitation of our Vicar, to preach a funeral sermon after the going home of dear Philip Henry Page. He was already reckoned among my friends, though only fifteen months are gone since first, in the dismantled Castle, as I walked for the first time through it for a brief inspection, he accosted me with a greeting characteristically bright, and a request for my help in some simple thing in the interest of his young men. Never, in what remains of life to me, will his winning presence and personality be forgotten, nor his manifestly complete devotion to his Lord and to his neighbours. But after all, I am not here merely to express a little of the regret and of the affection of our hearts towards him. Surely, if he could audibly address us from within the veil, he would ask us to look through him, and from him, to a height supreme. His beatified spirit, full and ever fuller now, in the holy Presence, of that Lord whom at length he sees, yea, sees

Him as He is, would bid me speak of HIM. He would ask us, beside his green grave, to meet in thought and in soul that beloved CHRIST who, once Himself buried, now watches in His endless life by His people's sepulchres, to meet there the mourners with the one perfect comfort, the manifestation of Himself.

So I turn for the rest of our time this morning directly to the text. It places before us in one view the Christian and his Saviour, the servant and his Master; the believer's life and death; and the rest, and the joy, and the harmony, for faith and hope, that come when we consider life and death as they stand alike related to our being owned and possessed by Him.

This is the message of the apostle's words. I do not dwell now on their connexion, full as it is of the deepest and noblest teaching upon mutual love and honour between Christians, while each recollects that the other stands directly related

to the Master Christ, personally, individually, nothing between. Enough now to remember the oracle of the text itself: "None of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord."

You see the immediate and all-momentous point. We, we Christians, taken for granted as such indeed (for "if any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His"), are the vassals of a Lord. We *belong*. Never for one moment, never in any relation of life, or of death, are we out of that connexion. Redeemed, saved, we are by that very fact *annexed*. He who "died, and rose, and revived," as the apostle instantly reminds us, did so on purpose to this end; "that He might be *Lord of us*, dead and living;" for so we may safely render those last words of the ninth verse. He rescued us, not to turn us adrift, but to lay His hands on us for ever. He so set

us free as to bind us to Himself. "Henceforth, not unto ourselves, but to Him who died for us and rose again"—such was, in his intention, to be the very law of our existence. The shield of His salvation has two sides, and both are solid, strong, and glorious with the gold of heaven. On the one side is inscribed, as the fact to be recognized and used by us, as we take up the shield, "I BELIEVE." On the other side, carved as deep, outlined as large, pregnant as the other with all strength and joy for the soul, runs the legend, "I BELONG."

St. Paul is restless till he has laid this as close and as deep as possible upon the Christian's heart. In passage after passage of this profound, this supremely great Epistle, he has pressed upon us with an almost vehemence the fulness of our pardon, the grandeur of its cause in Christ, the simplicity of its application to us, as we simply take it from the generous hand of God, in the faith, the personal reliance, which is our

point of contact and union with our Saviour. But then this other side of the same fact, this other face of the rock of our refuge and our rest, is set with equal emphasis in its turn before us. Believer, thou art, thou must be—it cannot be otherwise—thy Redeemer's *property*. Joined to Him for safety, thou art joined to Him also, and of course, for service. Believing, thou belongest. Whether thou livest, thou livest in relation to the Lord. Whether thou diest, thou diest in relation to the Lord. He died, and rose, and revived, precisely for this end, "that He might be LORD of thee, dead and living."

Is it bondage? No, it is perfect freedom. For, rightly seen, it is perfect adjustment. It is the liberty of the living limb, indissolubly, vitally, articulated to the vitalizing Head. It is the liberty of the upsoaring branch of the forest-tree, bound to, because springing out of, its mighty stem, and so, and only so, free to wave beneath the

vernal sun with all its wealth of life and beauty, all the young honours of its flowers and bowery foliage, making glad the heart of God and man.

This is the one true ideal of human life—to be the Lord's. The created being, the caused personality, with all its mysterious depths, and all its possibilities of a boundless elevation, is still *caused*, every moment, and can never be other than dislocated and maimed when it would live independent of its Cause. Surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ, at once our Author and our Deliverer, alone can put our being into order within itself, and into gear upon its one true Centre. All the inner friction of life comes of imperfect union with Him.

> "Yield to the Lord with simple heart
> All that thou hast and all thou art:
> Renounce all strength but strength divine,
> And peace shall be for ever thine."

So sings Madame Guyon, saintly and suffering apostoless of soul-surrender. And to

yield our all to Him is but to put things into their one possible adjustment. It is to give Him His due. It is to meet the purpose of His death and resurrection. He who knows absolutely, O human soul, what is thy highest good, and happiness, and rest, secured it for thee by annexing thee to Himself; to be Lord of thee, dead and living.

And this, as it is the ideal of life, is also—and necessarily—life's, and death's, one sure secret of a never-disappointed peace. We stand in spirit beside that grave in the East Anglian fields, and ah, what thoughts as of disappointment, as of frustration, are ready to arise! "He came up and was cut down like a flower; he fled as a shadow." *Yes*, as to what we see. But *no*, as to the plan and purpose of Him to whom Philip Page belonged, and belongs for ever. Trust the possession to be handled aright by the all-wise Possessor. He has not broken it. He has not thrown it away. No, He has done exactly the opposite; He has put it by.

It is His still, and for eternity; His there, as much as here. Not by accident but on purpose He has abruptly *transferred* His servant; keeping him all the while fast in His hand. For not only whether we live, but whether we die, we do it "to the Lord"; He died, and rose, that He might still be "Lord of us, dead as well as living."

There is only one type of life that can possibly be lived out of and above the reach of disappointment. It is the life which recognizes Christ's death-won ownership, and rests in His mighty hand, to save, to possess, to use for evermore. That life is a continuous harmony, as to its inner secret, through this world, through death, and in the eternal day beyond.

What he whom we have lost is doing now we do not know, no, not in one least detail. But we know exactly where he is—"with Christ." And we are perfectly sure of this, that, because he was the Lord's here, he is the Lord's there. He is the servant

of his Master still. Resting, he yet is serviceable. That Hand in which "the souls of the righteous are," needs and uses them as well as us; it is the Hand of the possessing Master of the blessed dead.

> "For doubt not but that in the worlds above
> There shall be other offices of love,
> That other tasks and ministries there are,
> Since it is promised that His servants there
> Shall serve Him still."[1]

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[1] R. C. Trench, *On an Early Death.*

X.

"IT IS WITNESSED THAT HE LIVETH."

An Address delivered in Lambeth Palace Chapel, at a Devotional Gathering of Bishops, *May*, 1903.

"It is witnessed that He liveth."—Heb. vii. 8.

Our day of devotion, Brethren and Fathers, begins, as it should, at the Table of our Redeemer. Let me interpose as little as possible with words of mine when the Lord Himself is dealing, in His Ordinance, with our inmost spirits. But I am commissioned to say something, however briefly, even here, as a message prefatory to our further meditations. Let me take that message direct from our Eucharist itself.

Amidst the manifold, the inexhaustible significance of the Holy Communion, there is one side or element not very often dwelt

upon, but which is fit to be of the utmost help in some states of the soul. I mean the evidential aspect of it. It is the supreme Thanksgiving of the Church; and this it has been, in all reasonable certainty, from the very first. And from the very first, from a time long before the writing of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, it has been the commemoration of precisely the Lord's *Death*. To us, habituated to Christianity, the collocation of Eucharist and Crucifixion is hardly seen, without an effort, to be the immeasurable and eloquent paradox which it is. But reflection as simple as possible carries us to the consideration, which then only gains in felt solidity and force as we test it from every side, that nothing could conceivably have put those two things together—could have called out the adoring Thanksgivings of the Church in immediate connexion with the murderous execution of her Lord—but His victory, out and out, and from every

point of view, over death; His resurrection from the dead, "in the power of an indissoluble life."

Do we want to reassure ourselves that, in the faith we teach, let me rather say by which we live, the holy love-power of the Unseen, and an impregnable history, fuse themselves into one unique truth of light and peace? Let us frequent the Holy Communion. There, made concrete to our very senses, is the whole Gospel of the grace of God. There, poured at the same moment into our reason and into our love, is the certainty, across all enigmas, that Jesus died and rose again.

I presume to place before you this elementary reflection, just because, if in the least degree I may guess at the hearts of others by my own, we, amidst the complex and heavy labours laid upon us in the Church, need very often indeed, if any men do, to fall back quite simply and directly upon primary Christian certainties. We

are called to a life of incessant giving out. We have to spend and be spent every day in the way of responsibility, attention, sympathy, action; teaching, governing, serving. We are in a peculiar degree the property of others. And this means a formidable drain upon the deepest springs of Christian life, which must sooner or later tell even disastrously upon us if we are not continually also living, in strong assurance, upon our Lord.

Then we may well embrace and use this evidence of Christianity, that is to say of Christ, equally tender and firm; His precious Sacrament. It lifts us, as by one single action, over all the mazes of both event and thought, to the first age, to those great three days which contain the Cross and the Resurrection. It tells us that the Lord indeed is fact, and that by virtue of this all-sufficient reason our labour in Him, so it is quite simply in Him, is not in vain. It bids us turn again to the crosses

and problems of our office and our service, saying that "I know whom I have believed." It brings us, all the more because of our very weakness and exhaustion, to touch, with our whole being, not our mother earth but our living and redeeming Rock, and to rise up again having His power renewed within us. And it bids us "add in our faith," deep at its heart, "that blessed hope" which makes present duty only more real and more sacred by pointing with its golden rod to the dawn of glory upon the hills of time in front. We "proclaim the death" of Him of whom it is here "witnessed that He liveth"—"*till He come.*"

"Wherefore, my beloved Brethren," here, where He is about so wonderfully to reassure us, and so really to feed us with Himself, let us be at once "stedfast and abounding in His work." The Lord is alive to-day; and our labour is "in the Lord."

XI.

THE SCRUTINY OF THE SERVANTS.

PREACHED IN GREAT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE, *February*, 1903.

"We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in the body."—2 Cor. v. 10.

Two variations upon this English appear to be called for by the Greek of the apostle. For the words, "We must all appear," we do well, with the Revisers, to read, "We must all be made manifest." It is to be not merely the putting in of an appearance, an *adsum*, a formal muster before the Prince's chair; it is to be a making manifest, an opening out of characters, a shewing up of all that the Christian has come to be through the use of faculty and circumstance, a disclosure and display of it before

his Master, and his fellow-servants, and himself. Again, for the words, "done in the body," we must unquestionably read, to be literal, "done through the body." And why not accept the literal here as the true? The things in respect of which the man is to be made manifest are the things of his conduct in mortal life. And how can conduct, in its development, be more vividly presented to our thought, or more significantly, than as the things done through the body? For, speaking practically and as to the breadth of experience, our conduct in human life on earth—what we are, as this is developed through what we do and how we behave—is a thing which asserts itself necessarily through the body. It is altogether through the body, in the vast range of common experience, that we act and are acted upon in our present state. Our duties are done, our influences are exerted, the influences from around us are received in their moulding

power, our purposes are carried out, with all the reflected effect on us of the accomplishment, or of the attempt—through the body. It is through the body that we are members of human society. It is through the body that in that society we use, or misuse, every capacity, every gift, every trust, material or immaterial, lodged for a season in our keeping.

Nothing is more significantly characteristic of the Gospel than its profound regard for the body. According to it, the body of the Christian man is already "the temple of the Holy Ghost"; and it is hereafter to be transfigured into a condition kindred to that of the body of his risen Lord. And meantime he is besought, he is commanded, to "glorify God in his body": to make it his daily ambition "that Christ may be magnified in his body"; to "present his body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable; his reasonable service"; that is to say, the vehicle of his worshipping reason's life for God.

Such precisely, if I read the apostle aright, is his reference and his message here. This awe-breathing yet most uplifting sentence has regard to the Christian man as such, not merely to the man. Not so much a universal judgment-hour is in view here, with its dread appeal to the universal conscience, as an investigation within the family circle of the disciples; a *forum domesticum;* the Lord's particular scrutiny of his servant-brethren; His enquiry into them, as such, how they have lived for Him: how they have used life for Him, in its powers and its occasions; how for Him they have acted and behaved themselves not merely in but through the body; what for Him they have gained by trading with the resources He has committed to them, the golden talents of time, of health, of wealth, of thought, of will, of affection, of society, of the means and opportunities all and sundry for His service through the body.

He has not left them unreminded, in their service-time, that all these things are placed in their hands to hold, in the inmost truth of the matter, *for Him*. If there is one aspect of their redeemed life which, more than another, He has emphasized to them through His Word, it is this, that He has loved them enough, and honoured them enough, not only to redeem them from the power of death into a new life of pardon and its sacred joys, but to claim them for His possession, and to use them as His instruments, nay, as His limbs. And that possession, and that use, must needs take effect on their part through the body. How have they responded? What, through the body, as His members, have they done? Let them come up before Him, that it may be made manifest to Him, and to themselves, at the tribunal of their Possessor; their Saviour, their Friend, their Brother, but their Possessor all the while. They, we, must all appear. The books must all be

opened. And the opinion of the Supreme Examiner must be announced—to be remembered and to take effect for ever, yes, even amidst the conditions of the world of bliss.

It is a grave thing for the preacher to set out this aspect of the Christian life before his brethren, and above all before his own soul. I think indeed (as I have indicated) that the reference here is not identical with the reference in, for example, the close of the twenty-fifth of St. Matthew, or of the twentieth of the Revelation, but has to do rather with questions and answers *within the home* of Christ in the Unseen. Yet what does it not say, thus taken, to the conscience of the man who has in any sense confessed that Christ is Lord, and has any apprehension, if but the most confused, of his Lord's rights upon him, and has begun in any measure to know himself? What can he say in the prospect? "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O

Lord." Well, for sublime reasons of His own, because of His own bearing of His servant's sins on His own head, He will not enter into hostile judgment with him. In *that* respect, by an amnesty of immeasurable mercy, those "sins and iniquities He will remember no more." But He will assuredly enter into scrutiny with His servant, as to the use he has made of himself for his Redeemer. He will most certainly ask him what he has done through his body, aright or amiss, as responsible to Jesus Christ.

Intimations of the awe of that enquiry seem to come to us not from the words of Revelation only, but sometimes, if experiences the most authentic may be trusted, from insights into the profound responsibility of life which have been given to the dying, or to those who, having seemed to be the dying, have been called back to us again. Then, as the spirit was in act to step outward from its shaken tent (so it has been

affirmed, again and again, and by the least imaginative and emotional of mankind), the past has come, gathered into one consciousness, full upon the conscience. In the half-unveiled presence of the Master of life the accountabilities of life have possessed the being. A whole world of obligation, not realized, has sprung silent and sudden into view. Happy they who in such an hour can say, in the firmness of faith, that their Examiner is at the same moment also their Redeemer. Truly they know that they need His redemption then.

There is serious reason why, precisely in our own period of time, this aspect of our years on earth should be put in prominence before us. Never was there an age whose characteristics have seemed in many respects so to cross and contradict each other, as do those of our own. It would be easy to argue for any one of many quite opposite assertions about the present day, and to maintain with equal plausibility, for example,

that it was more strenuous or more purposeless, more light-minded or more overcast with a certain gloom, than its forerunners. But we need not linger over comparisons or subtle equipoises of that sort before saying with confidence that for innumerable minds, above all in the more recent generations, born into a time already used to wide invasions of materialistic thought, one imminent danger of to-day is an oblivion of the whole ideal of the Christian life, not least upon the side of its grave but magnificent responsibility. Partly by the mere presence around us, in cultured life, of an ever-developing apparatus of material comfort; partly by the rapid growth of habituation to the large mastery of man over nature; partly, undoubtedly, by an unbalanced use of some facts of nature made vastly prominent in our day, facts grouped round such a word as heredity, for example; the mighty forces of the idea of duty have been, for a season, deflected from their

ancient weight of incidence on the individual will. This phenomenon has place not only where revelation is denied; nor only where the vain attempt is made to dissociate Christian truths from the supreme historical events which, because through those events alone is known the redeeming Christ, are vital to Christianity. No; the laxity tends to operate everywhere. The awe of responsibility is not felt as it was, even where the Lord is duly worshipped. The presence of Jesus Christ as Possessor and as Observer in the whole life, and over the whole field of gift and circumstance, is more feebly recognized by Christians. The confidence of faith in the eternal, now and here, and also in the eternal, as it looks upon us from beyond the tomb as a boundlessly living life to come, whose heart and bliss is the unveiled face of Christ, and whose law is His everlasting service—this is not quite what it was in the current consciousness of Christian hearts. So there

is need to think, to watch, to pray, till we get back into the power of that recollection again, alike for the animation of our hearts with the joy which is native to the Gospel, and for that purposeful remembrance of the eternal Master, and of His scrutiny to come, which is anything rather than a contradiction to that joy; no more such than fuel is a contradiction to the flame.

Is there not occasion for the appeal? Is the presence of things eternal felt in anything like the old force in our modern habits of thinking and of behaving? Is it strong in the formative sphere of the English school, and the English college? Is it a dominant power in the current ideals of the English home? Do we parents present as we should to our sons and daughters the prospect of life in its noble Christian gravity, its lofty aspect as the discipline and *palæstra* of our being, in which, through faithful service here of God and of man, the whole responsible personality is to be

trained for inconceivable activities and utilities, day without night, in the upper life, in the heaven of the sight of God? Are our common habits at all disciplined and informed by the elevating, the invigorating, restraints of that recollected prospect? Or are they allowed to drift as they will from comfort to comfort, till the day knows no deliberate worship, and the week knows no Sabbath other than an interval of all too selfish indolence?

God grant us a revival, deep and large, of the Christian ideal of duty, not least within the home. Then, among other results, if I do not deceive myself, we pastors of the Church shall have less cause than we have now to deplore, with aching and anxious hearts, this ominous scarcity of men seeking the ministry of the Word and Sacraments. There may be other reasons concurring to that phenomenon. But deep at the heart of it is this—the relative rarity, I fear the growing rarity, of that sort of

parental word and example which sets before the family the idea of a life whose goal shall be not gain, not even fame, assuredly not the despicable ambitions of mere amusement or mere ease, but the service of man, for the sake and in the name of Jesus Christ, Redeemer, Master, Hope, and All; remembering that we are His, and that He will one day ask His servant-brethren what they have done for Him through the body.

There, and only there, is the secret for the one life which is infinitely well worth the living; the life which is "life indeed," alike on the sunny fields of companionship and success, and in the dark valleys of solitude and sorrows. For that life is the one possible life for the sublime dilemma of beatitude:—"To me to live is Christ, to die is gain."

Two duties are laid upon me for my concluding words before you. The first is an

appeal to you for gifts; as practical as possible, as close as possible to our doors. I ask you to give, and liberally, to the Old Schools of Cambridge. You know what the Old Schools are. They are the primary schools of this town, this seat of our well-beloved University, whose life and interests are for ever, by a thousand links, united with those of the civic world around it. These schools have been long the means of giving an admirable secular training to countless scholars along with Christian teaching upon the lines of the English Church, faithfully represented; that is to say, upon the basis of the Holy Bible, open and expounded, and with the guidance of that religious document so calm and temperate in its doctrinal instruction, so strong and positive in its instruction upon duty —the Catechism of England. These schools well deserve your aid, if only for the reason that they are a true vehicle for that training of young lives which lifts teaching on all

subjects to its proper level by placing the faith of Christ in living contact beside them all. Give, I pray you, not as a casual act, but with deliberate purpose; a thing "done through the body" for your Master's work.

Then, I am called, unworthy, to the sacred task of commemoration of the illustrious departed. Once and again before, in this beloved and honoured place, in days that return no more for ever, I have had that office laid upon me. But when has any preacher here before been commanded by a great coincidence of death to lament the loss, within twenty-four hours of each other, of two great personalities of our academic life, two men[1] of an eminent force and distinction at once of character and of intellect, of the like dignified place, each at the head of his famous College, and who both had the lot assigned to them, happily for Cam-

[1] The Rev. N. M. Ferrers, D.D., F.R.S., Master of Gonville and Caius College, and Sir G. G. Stokes, Bart., LL.D., Sc.D., Master of Pembroke College, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, and formerly President of the Royal Society.

bridge, happily also for themselves, of a long unbroken residence in this noblest home of thought, of teaching, of devotion?

To me through my whole University experience each was a familiar figure, and each abides with me now, in vivid memory, for what remains of life. The strong individuality, the mind at once large and keen, the capacity equally speculative and practical, the shrewd humour always near to the most generous kindness, the cheerful patience under long-borne burdens of ill-health—we reverence it all, we miss it all, as we lay Ferrers to his rest, and presume to grieve in sympathy with the grief of his chief mourner.

And as we ponder the life and end of our modern Newton—*ἀνέρ' ὃν οὐδ' αἰνεῖν τοῖς ἀμαθέσσι θέμις*—"a man whom ignorance may not even praise"—words which may well give pause to my poor eulogy—what shall we say? Great in the largeness and loftiness of his gifts, greater in the absolute harmony

with them of that clear benignant simplicity which shone from his very face, greatest in the hallowing of it all by that faith in Christ, as Lord at once of nature and of grace, which was his happiness to the last—he remains for ever to us a star of the first order in our academic sky. We saw his fame in visible glory three years ago when the civilized world by representation came to his jubilee, and when nothing was more noble than his own fine and artless pleasure. And now we have watched him, cheerful as ever, young of heart, in his ninth decade, step through a brief transition into the presence of his adored Redeemer, to know even more than ever there; for there they know as they are known.

When Brewster lay dying, he exclaimed, with a strange and beautiful exultation, so his friends have told us, that now, at last, in his own words, "I will see Jesus, who made the worlds." On his stone at Melrose is inscribed the well-befitting Scripture,

"The Lord is my Light." The same radiance lives above the memory of our sage, in whom was beheld, shewn in a tranquil splendour, the inner and ultimate harmony of knowledge and of adoration, of light and of love; a visible suggestion of what will be the essential conditions of the final felicity of the saints. Much did he know; well, "through the body," did he do, here in the midst of us. Then came the secret summons to pass in to the new life, and the last scrutiny. And we need no audible voice from heaven to tell us that there the servant saw his Master's face with joy.

XII.

THE CHIEF PASTOR'S WAY OF PEACE.

PREACHED IN YORK MINSTER,
April 25, 1900,
AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE RIGHT REV. F. J. CHAVASSE, D.D., SECOND BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

"The Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul; for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."—ACTS xxiii. 11.

THIS was in the Antonian citadel, in the night; after that meeting of the Jewish council where the great cry arose, and the frail apostle, between Sadducees and Pharisees, was well-nigh pulled in pieces, and the Roman commandant had to rescue him by sheer force into the safety of a prison. The immediate sequel of the text is the conspiracy for Paul's assassination, when at dawn of day the "more than forty" arranged how and where they might fall

upon their victim. In such a frame is set this radiant picture. Serene and infinitely at liberty, He who always knows the way to the solitudes and sorrows of His people stood by His apostle's side. The ravings of the Sanhedrim, the daggers of the zealots, the walls, and bars, and sentinels, gave no feeblest pause to the entrance and the presence of Jesus Christ. Personal, eternal, almighty, tender, human, divine, He stood there, in a mysterious but actual Epiphany. He called His servant by his name. He placed Himself in sympathetic contact with his fears. And He lifted him out of them with the sublime reassurance that the servant was in the path of the Master's will, and therefore altogether safe in the escort of the Master's love and power. The path was developing and ascending. Jerusalem was about to be exchanged for Rome. And Jesus Christ guarantees Paul's safety here and his safety there, assuring him of a deep inward continuity through all

the changes, as well as of a rest and refuge amidst all the storms. At Rome as at Jerusalem he shall have his Master for his message still, the same to-day and for ever. Be the shocks and alterations of life what they may, Paul shall be the same, Christ's chosen vessel; Christ shall be the same, Paul's Lord and everlasting life; and the work shall be the same—Paul shall bear witness to his Lord.

The ceremonial which assembles us to-day is remote indeed in its exterior circumstances from this interview within the Roman citadel. We meet in a great temple of immemorial Christian worship, with every accessory of peaceful and religious dignity, for the setting apart to a Chief Pastorate in the English Church of a man called to it, beyond all doubt or misgiving, "according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the order of this Realm." He has for these many years borne fruitful witness to the immortal Gospel, and has trained for their holy work,

with high devotion, a long succession of younger witnesses, not amidst the perils and tumults of a Jerusalem hastening to its fall, but in a great English University, where the glorious stream of youthful life is poured, always new, along a channel dignified, beautified, and protected, by a magnificent and living past. He goes to new and developed labour and testimony not in the Rome of Nero but in a mighty Christian city, I had almost said a diocese of cities; burthened indeed, as all modern cities are burthened, by the distresses begotten of congested human life, yet living all over also with the healthy pulses of English energy in its ordered freedom, and penetrated in its width and depth by the virtues, open and secret, of multifold Christian word and work. He goes to be the chief, yet above all the fellow, amidst a company of pastors eminent for a laborious fidelity of life; men, elder and younger, for whose corporate character the Church gives thanks to God. Around

them, in close and cordial co-operation with them, he will find a ministering host of the laity, of just that spiritual and practical calibre which speaks the best of all hopes, under God, for our Christian future. He takes up this wonderful chief pastorate, this noble primacy amidst noble equals, fresh from the hands of its first holder, warm and living with his touch. He enters on the inheritance of the traditions and example of a bishop[1] who through twenty years of public labour, begun when life was already in its autumn, has striven with all his manhood to face and to meet the spiritual needs of the huge new diocese, to be his pastoral brethren's pastoral friend, to be the just and patient administrator among them through evil and through good report, and all the while to be the unceasing preacher to the people, in language all light and life, of his beloved Master's Word. Who does not follow that great heart, that man among

[1] John Charles Ryle, who died at Lowestoft, June 10, 1900.

men, with warm farewells of reverence to his "land of Beulah" by the eastward sea, asking that he may yet long be spared to bless the Church by his presence, and fellowship, and prayers? Into his chair now this chosen successor must be led, to find there, in the fact of that succession, innumerable and precious aids in his own ministrations.

So we may draw deep lines of obvious contrast between the consecration-day of the second bishop of Liverpool and the hour when our Lord found the imperilled apostle in his prison, and told him not to fear. Yet, deeper down, a spiritual contact can easily be traced, an inward relation, a suggestion and a message running from the one scene into the other, speaking from that interview between Paul and Christ straight to our thoughts and souls, and to the heart of this our brother, called now to such a charge and burthen in the Lord. How shall we read that message out?

1. First, it is a message of the power of

Christ to transcend and transfigure difficulty. The difficulty of life to Paul was widely different, on the surface, from the difficulty of life to the bishop of an English city. The chief pastor of the Church at home is not, at present, certainly, called to encounter personal violence, and plots of murder, and martyrdom as the normal end. His life, from many a great aspect of it, appears at once protected and animated in a high degree; sheltered by a long and most venerable prestige, enriched and powerfully encouraged by endless and incalculable happy opportunities of act and influence for the glory of God and the good of man. Yet the bishop as truly as the apostle is called to suffer genuine pain for Christ, amidst the difficulties of life. He is called to a formidable, often to a pitiless, publicity; and *that* is pain. He is called to that severe experience long ago denoted as the lot of those who are lifted up to any sort of large authority, *bene facere et male audire*, to do good

and to be called hard names for doing it; and *that* is pain. He is called to try to do daily a work which can never possibly be quite done; so vast is his charge, so complicated, so perpetually expanding in its volume; correspondence immense and harassing always on hand; intercourse of every sort, often as secular as that of any mercantile office, always demanded; a frequent summons to the anxious, sometimes the heart-breaking, work of judging men, and judging between men, and this in days when more and more, under the conditions of modern life, such work is complicated and bewildered; and *that* is pain. He is called to face on a great scale the darker phenomena of human life, to meet as it were in masses, and with a large responsibility, the problems of sin and of sorrow, of individual and social struggle, of poverty, of vice; and *that* is pain. He is called to be, in Christ, and for Christ, and in the sense of His service, "all things to all men, if by any means he may save some."

And this, though it is a supreme privilege, rightly understood, is, to the man who understands it, an experience of pain.

How shall he meet it all? What shall be his solace, his antidote, the transfiguration for him of trial and perplexity into a deeper peace? Will he find it in such mundane quarters as precedence of place, and prerogative, and the civil dignities which processes of human history have attached to great Christian ministries? No, these are just the things from which he will most care to turn away. He knows the risks that lie in that region. He will often say to himself, what Bernard said, seven centuries and a half ago, in his letter to Eugenius: "If Christ hath sent me, I have come not to be ministered unto, but to minister; I have come to give my life in service for many. Am I Paul's true successor? Then, I am no lord over their faith, but helper of their joy. Am I Peter's heir? Then am I no lord over God's heritage, but an ensample to the flock.

Let me learn, not only not to grasp my own, but not to be my own at all; *non dico mea non retinere, sed nec meus esse.*"

No, never, for an hour, will his solace lie where the world's might seem to be. He will fly alike from the pastoral pain and from all carnal remedies of it, to Jesus Christ. "In that night the LORD stood by him, and said unto him, Fear not."

His peace will be "in the secret of the presence," and specially there where it is promised to be found—even in the stress of life, in the open conflict, in the public toil. "It is wrought for them that trust in Thee *before the sons of men.*" He will seek it in that "secret," behind everything in life, that he may carry it out into everything. He will find it in the heart, the face, the voice, perpetually sought and known, of his Saviour and his Lord.

2. Then, secondly, the text speaks the precious message that Christ is able to transfigure life's deep changes, till they are

as it were harmonized into one song by the reconciling magic of His will. From Jerusalem to Rome, from a place which, with all its alarms, was yet redolent to him of memory and old ways, to the world-city, dangerously new and different; that was a great change for Paul. And it is a great change from presbyter to bishop, from Oxford to Liverpool, from the teacher's quiet chair, loved so long, to the seat of wide and active administration, from the dear old life to the new. Oh pathos and mystery of time, and "the days that are no more," and the "farewells from remotest years"! There is only one adequate antidote to it all. It is He who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever, brought into living relation with our inmost life. We yield ourselves up to Him, His redeemed ones, to do His will; and then we begin "to abide for ever," and to triumph over time, in Him who inhabits at once eternity and the contrite heart. Our past and our clamorous present are adjusted

into one thing by His will, as it is owned and loved in His blessed service. "Fear not; thou hast witnessed at Jerusalem for Me; thou shalt witness for Me at Rome. In My name, in regard of My message, My truth, My everlasting Gospel, Myself revealed, Jerusalem and Rome are, for My servant's soul, continuous, harmonious, one. Thou shalt find the old life living in the new through Me, yea, bursting from the spring into the summer, which itself bears the everlasting spring for ever in its heart."

So we prepare to leave the vault in the castle of Jerusalem, where the Lord stands telling Paul not to fear either the present or the future. What better can I do, as we leave it, with its message in our hearts, than humbly anticipate the Archbishop's call, soon to be heard, and move you to pray for this chosen servant and messenger of Christ, and, with him, for ourselves?

Pray we for him, that in all his care and labour the Lord may evermore stand by

him, morning, noon, and night, saying to him, at the heart of all circumstances, "Fear not; I am with thee."

Pray we that the sevenfold Spirit may fill his spirit with counsel, and with the might of truth and love, and with the great gift of power for God with men.

Pray we that the heavenly Scriptures may be evermore lighted up to him by that same Spirit, and that their sure Word, in its fulness and its sublime proportion, which is of God, may be his lamp, and oracle, and song.

Pray we that he may have grace faithfully to fulfil the bishop's call to be, above all men, the preacher of that Word, and that he may evermore rejoice to set forth from it before all men our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, as our all in all, for this life and the life to come, for pardon, holiness, and heaven, in His finished work, in His everlasting working.

Pray we that his whole ministry may set

forward the work of the Lord in peace and righteousness in human common life.

Pray we that he may lead men continually to the joys of true worship, in holy reverence, in godly fear, and in the sacred simplicity of the Spirit.

Pray we that he may begin, continue, and end his course with joy, even joy in the Lord, which is our strength.

Pray we for ourselves and for all Christian men everywhere that we may be that which we are called, both children and servants of our God ; that to us also, each in his vocation and ministry, Jesus Christ may evermore come, and say, "Fear not," and make us witnesses for Him, till we meet Him as He comes again.

XIII.

THE PASTORATE OF SERVICE.

PREACHED IN DURHAM CATHEDRAL,
November 1, 1901,
ON OCCASION OF THE PREACHER'S ENTHRONEMENT.

"*We preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.*"—2 COR. iv. 5.

Or, to render the apostolic Greek a little more exactly and a little more fully—

"*We proclaim not ourselves but Christ Jesus as Lord, and ourselves as your bondservants for our Jesus' sake.*"

So speaks, for himself and his fellow-workers, unfolding the inmost and ultimate secrets of his purpose and ambition, the greatest of all pastors, the apostle Paul. He is writing an Epistle which pre-eminently discloses to us himself, the very man, the human heart beating at the centre of that immense circumference of enterprise, and only quickened into warmer and more manifold sensibility by the indwelling of the

Holy Ghost. To the Corinthians, whom he loved, and who loved him well, yet perplexed and grieved him too, he presents his whole self, without even the thinnest artificial veil. Affection, hope, disappointment, indignation, irony, bitter rebuke, tenderest entreaty—all comes out precisely as it is felt, in the utterance of a devotion to them which has nothing to conceal. To be sure, all is dominated by a purpose. The Second Epistle to the Corinthians is no fitful rhapsody of troubled feeling. All bears upon the rescue of the disciples back from misbeliefs to the eternal truth, from confusion to a strong cohesion in the Lord, from themselves to Christ, to holiness, to heaven. But into the line of that great purpose the apostle pours not his reasonings only, nor even his entreaties, but himself. He spends upon his converts his own innermost being. He gives to them his soul.

In the course of such a message so delivered he comes to the paragraph before

us. And here he dilates awhile upon the great phenomenon of the Christian Ministry, its message, its motives, the divine energies which can alone sustain the minister, the illumination which his own spirit must needs receive if he is to shed the light of Christ around him. Particularly he now indicates the solitary and all-controlling ambition with which he is to labour and to preach. What has he to do? What has he to say? A thousand things, from one aspect; from another and a higher, only two, which fuse themselves after all into one. He has first to present, to proclaim, to magnify to men, a Person, in the splendour of His love and grace, and in the majesty of His claim. He has then to announce himself to his brethren as indeed the commissioned messenger of that Person, sent veritably by that august Sovereign, and so with a claim on their loyalty and their love. But he makes that claim not for himself but for Him who has sent him.

The very last thing he is authorized to do is to assert an autocratic position, to dictate, to terrorize; nay, he is bound expressly *not* to assert himself, as himself, at all. His whole and unreserved ambition is to proclaim Christ Jesus, and to proclaim Him Lord. And his entire and unartificial purpose, under that ambition, is to present himself to his brethren not as lord over the heritage of which he is himself only one ransomed member, but as being, for Jesus' sake, because of that all-beloved name, the servant of the saints.

"Ourselves your bondservants for our Jesus' sake." Such is this great clergyman's central and ultimate conception of the Christian Ministry. He has much to say about it, elsewhere, from other sides; about its commission and authority, and about the moral dignity of its idea. But here he lays his hand upon its very heart, and gives us the central glory of the thing. And the words denote the most absolute

antithesis possible to every thought of an ecclesiastical assumption, to all such self-exaltation of a ministerial class or order as can harden it into that far different thing, for which the Christianity of the apostles has no place, a hierarchical caste. The words delightfully negative all that is connoted by that term of mournful omen, as of mournful history, *clericalism*. They present to us in short a conception not magisterial but altogether ministerial. The pastor, teacher, and guide in things divine has here no ambition outside the glory of his heavenly Master. And within that sacred limit his supreme ambition is to be, in Christ, the bondservant of his brethren. He belongs to them, not they to him. He recognizes ever, and with joy, that the Church is greater than the Ministry. The Bride of the Lamb is greater than the bondman of the Bride.

So the man's whole life is at once chastened and dignified by his call to a

high ambition, which by the law of its nature is altogether pure. To "proclaim Christ Jesus as Lord," that is the hope which animates him every day. He lives to make Christ Jesus great to human hearts. He lives "that Christ may be magnified in his body," that Christ may look out at the windows of his life, and may beckon from its doors, that his word alike and his example may persuade men, with an indefinable but strong attraction, to "taste and see how gracious the Lord is," and never so gracious as when He is most absolutely Lord. To this man all interests are subordinated to these; he rises up with this aim in the morning, and he lies down with it at night. His life is manifold in its contents; he is a man, "a man in Christ," and therefore all the more a man; nothing that is essentially human is alien to his sympathies. He is citizen, neighbour, friend; he is brother, husband, father; he is thinker, he is reader, perhaps

over large ranges of the mental realm. But all these many things are governed for him always by the one thing. Christ Jesus is his dominant, unifying interest and ambition, his ruling passion, his track and his goal. To himself the Son of God and Man, the Lamb of Calvary, the Prince of Life, the indwelling Master, the longed-for Lord of the Return, is the inward all-in-all. He knows that for himself, in a "sober certainty of waking bliss," Christ Jesus, embraced by faith, has become victory, and law, and hope, and heaven begun. He knows how for himself Christ has given a new significance to all that is most present in human things, a new interest to the common day, a new greatness to the ordinary task, a new sacredness to every man he meets, and to all that makes the life of men. He knows meanwhile that Christ has transformed for him the thought of the unseen and eternal from a pallid cloud into "the beautiful gate of the City" where he will

taste the bliss of serving for ever, in an action released at last from friction, the Lord who died for him and rose again. So the man has something to say, and indeed he has something to do, for the brethren to whom he is called to minister. He has to give himself up to the enterprise of "making Jesus King" for them also, and in them. He lives, not to dictate to them a faith forced upon the soul from without, but to introduce them to the joy of a faith in which repentance and reliance clasp the crucified and living Lord, and welcome Him in, to mould the life outward from its depths.

It is to be his to lead them, or rather, to win them to go along at his side, in the path which has come to be his own delight, the path of self-surrender to the service of God in the service of others in His name. Slowly perhaps, but in measure truly, the man has learnt for himself that great lesson of the Gospel, that "it is more blessed to

give than to receive." He begins to know for himself that "to be ministered unto" is infinitely less like the regal greatness of the King of Saints than "to minister," to "love and serve." He begins to see what he will experience perfectly in the life of glory, that our finite being can never expand and sun itself fully into the fair ideal of power and beauty for which it was created, and for which now it is redeemed, till it goes out and upward from the bondage of self-seeking into the large and holy freedom of a self-sacrificing love for God, and for man in Him. Therefore he is bent upon the enterprise of "making Jesus King" in the souls of others too. He knows that it is the absolute right of his Redeemer that He should reign in them wholly and for ever. He knows equally that it is the due of the souls for which He died that they should be invited to find their own amplest development and fullest joy in an entire surrender to His will.

To that end the minister is their bond-servant. He exists for them, he belongs to them, he is at command for them, that they may yield themselves to Jesus Christ, for this world and the world to come, and so may live indeed.

My brethren, I have presumed to unfold this apostolic word to you in order that I may, in your presence, here and now, on this day of my induction to my seat among you, impose its message above all upon myself. What to me, now wedded to this great charge till my working life is done, is the meaning of this day, with its moving pomp of ceremony, its choral songs, its majesty of worship in this old and awful House of God? To the man whom you thus solemnly welcome to be no more a stranger it means an unspeakable humbling, and a call, as from heaven itself, to live henceforth for nothing but the service of the Lord and you. He must be unwise

indeed who, having reached the verge of three-score, can yet dream that such a day as this is to contribute one atom to the miserable thought of self-esteem. Rather, it tremendously contrasts his littleness with the greatness of his charge, and drives him to the dust, and to his God. He presents himself humbly before you, weak, unworthy, a redeemed sinner annexed by Jesus Christ, who hopes that his one conscious ambition is to be somehow used for you, in any path of dutiful service that the Lord shall open to him; to serve you, to be your bondman, daily given over to you anew, not seeking vainly to strain himself into a hopeless rivalry with predecessors who have been great indeed, but to live in lowliness and love, no longer to himself but to his Saviour and, under Him, to you. His deepest longing is to be in some sort the evangelist and the pastor among you; proclaiming, while he can, Christ Jesus his Lord as King, and present-

ing himself as altogether yours to serve you, for Jesus' sake. You will second his purpose with your prayers, as already you have sustained him with them in your lovingkindness, in the prospect of this most moving hour.

For me, in this ambition, may the eternal First Cause of peace and power be ever supremely the life of life, "the rock of my heart, and my portion for ever." Yet, may not a new and unworthy bishop of this illustrious See thank God that he finds, under that First Cause, a cause second and subsidiary, to sustain his devotion and desire, as noble in its kind as man can know? To succeed in any sense to a Cuthbert of old, and, of the later time, to a Cosin, to a Butler, to a Barrington, to a Baring, to a Lightfoot, (Lightfoot, remembered with ineffaceable love and reverence, since those dear distant days when the pupil sought the kindest and wisest of tutors in his Cambridge rooms;) to occupy the seat to which

a Nicholas Ridley was designated, and intercepted from it only by the martyr's fire; is not this enough to keep the will awake to the glory of pastoral service? And when I muse, in the long line of predecessors, precisely upon two names, the first name and the last in the long procession, the very faces and voices of the Blessed, on this All Saints' Day, seem to carry to the attentive soul the burthen of our apostolic text. Thirteen centuries away, yet present to us still in God, stands gracious Aidan, the conqueror by sympathetic love, the ruler by service—holy, humble, strong for Christ, because full of Him and void of self. And close beside us, just landed dryshod on the immortal shore, behold a saint as true, a servant of the Lord and of his brethren as memorable[1]

[1] Bishop Westcott. The last public address of the Bishop (to the Durham miners, July 1901) contained a sentence affirming that "the love of Christ" had proved his all-sufficient motive and support during a "long and strenuous life."

as the great Culdee. With looks of light he points his poor successor to "the love of Christ" for his motive and his power, and to all the human needs of Christ's brethren for his field of service. Admirable master of knowledge and of thought, leader of movements and of men, he was greater yet as the lowly follower of his incarnate Lord, the wholly self-forgetting bondman of his brethren, for Jesus' sake.

THE END

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